

# VOGUE



75¢  
JUNE

## the American woman in real life

her fashion...  
her looks...  
her family...  
her house...

THE COOLEST  
CLOTHES FOR A  
SUPER SUMMER

WHAT YOU CAN LEARN  
FROM A FAMOUS BEAUTY

her greatest makeup... her de-tensing exercises

YOUR NEW SELF-IMAGE:  
HOW YOU SEE IT...  
HOW MEN SEE IT

YOUR CHARACTER REVEALED

are you a first child... a middle... an only?





**It lets me be me\*-the blonde I used to be.**

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Like this lovely 100% polyester dress,  
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AVEDON

COVER: The real-life, all-American good looks of a red knit pull with red-white-and-blue pants—sharp, easy, and right. Jaeger. Cotton pull, about \$18; cotton-and-linen pants, about \$30. Jaeger International Shop; Marshall Field; Neusteters; I. Magnin. . . . More real-life looks for the American woman from Max Factor's nifty new Ultra-Lucent Waterproof Makeups—foundation, cream blush, and shadow to give you a fresh healthy glow in the summer action. Suga coif. Scarf by Echo, Lord & Taylor. Red heart: Michael Moraux for Dubaux, Bonwit Teller.

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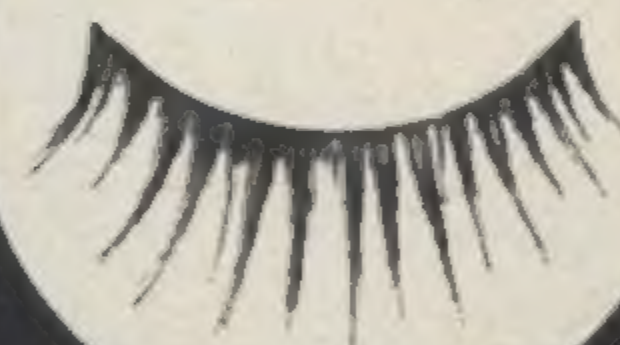
# Wash'n Wear

LASHES WITHOUT A CARE

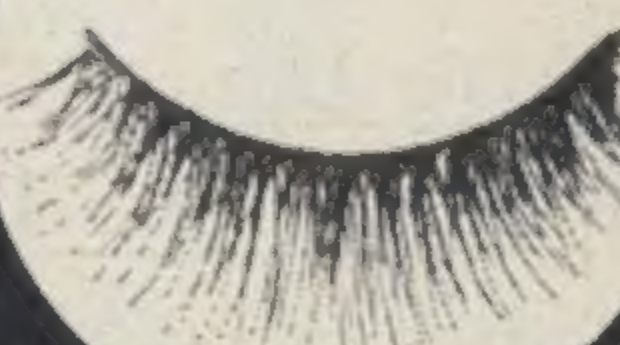


Making a big fashion splash—these lovable tub-ables from ANDREA. A new high in easy care, easy wear—they keep their clean, keep their curl, keep looking great. Floating-light in 12 bubbly, droop-proof styles, including the season's very newest shown here. At better cosmetics counters, \$5.00.

MERMAIDS



SPLISH-SPLASH



WATER BABIES



# ANDREA

Your Personal Eyedresser



'Did you know that skim milk is a better drink for you—and your skin—than plain milk can ever be?

That's because skim milk is 100% free of butterfat which tends to clog the pores. My Skim Milk Collection is the only way your skin can 'drink in' all the goodness and natural protein of pure, sweet milk—without a trace of heavy butterfat.'

—Charles Revson



FOR NORMAL TO DRY SKIN:

Skim Milk Lotion Cleanser with natural milk proteins for a thicker, more active lather.

Skim Milk Lotion Toner works like a milk tonic to tighten pores, 're-texture' skin.

FOR OILY SKIN:

Skim Milk Liquid Facial Soap is an oil-cutting facewash that contains no detergents.

Skim Milk Astringent Toner has milk proteins to help absorb excess oils completely.

FOR ALL SKINTYPES:

Skim Milk Refining Mask visibly improves skin texture in just 10 minutes.

Skim Milk Under Makeup Moisturizer 'plumps out' dry lines, keeps makeup fresh up to 14 hours.

Skim Milk Body Moisturizer smooths dry scratchy hands, heels, even *elbows*, without greasiness.

*'Ultima' II—Charles Revson*







# HERBERT LEVY



*Specializing*  
**LANE BRYANT**  
coast to coast

Luxurious wrap coat by Herbert Levy in softest fleece over a stunning banded knit dress—all in wool. Belt the coat or wear it straight. Red or camel coat with white dress. Sizes 14½ to 26½; 38 to 46. \$200.



# Introducing The **elura**® Bikini Wig

modacrylic fiber by **Monsanto**

What Is A Bikini Wig? It's a mood...an attitude...a wig so light it gives rise to a head-in-the-clouds sensation. So natural, it might have been born with the wearer. And thanks to Monsanto's Elura, styling is a breeze. The Elura Bikini Wig goes to any length to please—long, short, or in-between. It's the basis of a total Bikini Look. Wear it with beachwear, sportsclothes, halter tops, long skirts, night-or-day mood-making fashions, and of course, bikinis. Most important, it's not just one wig, but a collection of freespirted styles in Elura by the famous makers listed below. Watch the Bikini look take over wherever the young excitement is this summer. You can find Elura Bikini Wigs at the three stores on the following pages, and at the fine stores below.



## ELURA RESOURCES

Alvah International Products, Inc.  
Brentwood Industries, Inc.  
Enny Of Italy  
Fashion Concepts, Inc. (Donald Brooks)  
Fashion Tress, Inc.

Helen Of Troy  
Helene Curtis Industries, Inc.  
Kenfair, Inc. (Kenneth)  
L. J. A. Buchheit, Inc.  
Matchmaker Industries, Inc.

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**John Wanamaker**  
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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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**The H & S Pogue Company**  
Cincinnati, Ohio

**The Wm. Hengerer Co.**  
Buffalo, New York

**Younkers**  
Des Moines, Iowa





**elura**<sup>®</sup>  
modacrylic fiber by **Monsanto**

Go young. Go carefree. Go bikini  
all the way . . . with an Elura Bikini Wig.

So feather-light and natural,  
just a flick of the comb keeps it in  
super-shape. This page,

The Bikini Wig,  
as Donald Brooks sees it.  
Right, Kenneth's version—  
a shining pageboy.

DONALD BROOKS #4211







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THE BLOOMING



A **Bikini Wig** . . . what does it do? Gives you a new kind of "hair."

Thick, bouncy, beautiful. Full of life. And body. And deep, glorious colour.

Bikini Wigs. Of **Elura<sup>®</sup> Monsanto's** modacrylic. Shining, glossy little wigs that you can do anything with. Shampoo them. Dry them. Set them. Electric-curl them.

Colour-rinse them. Where to find them? At Bloomingdale's. And you will.

You're one of The Bloomingdale People. Like these girls. Who model. Which means they know all there is to know about hair and wigs. It's their business.

On the right: Kenneth's wonderful little blunt-cut Prince Valiant. On the left:

Ruth, a careless little dandelion-cut from Schiaparelli. Each, \$40.00

Both girls — barely-backed in small, wrapped body-halters that have matching skirts to the floor. Maxine de la Falaise's, for Blousecraft.

Elura Bikini Wigs of Monsanto modacrylic from a collection, priced from \$40.00 to \$55.00 on the Street Floor. Halters and Skirts, priced from \$24.00 to \$58.00 in Better Blouses,

3rd Floor. New York and all stores.



# DALE PEOPLE



**elura**<sup>®</sup>  
modacrylic fiber by **Monsanto**

A little bikini goes a long way...  
especially when it's teamed up  
with an Elura Bikini Wig. This capless  
wonder gives a light-as-air feeling.  
And when it comes to styling, it's a breeze.

The Bikini Wig has no limits—  
choose a delightful tumble of curls  
by Fashion Tress, (this page),  
or Alvah's short flippant Bikini look (opposite) —  
both will give you a great headstart for summer.

**hudson's**



FASHION TRESS #208









**NEW 'MOON DROPS' HEALTH**



## Did you know a facial masque is a 'must' if you want a naturally healthier-looking skin?

Believe it or not, you may be passing up one of the most potent beauty aids of all—if you're not making a masque an important part of your skincare routine. Because no other beauty treatment can give your face such a fresh rosy bloom and incredible smoothness. To quote a well-known dermatologist, 'Masks do this by gently stimulating the small blood vessels. That's where the blush comes from. And by helping to remove the layer of dead cells and dirt on the skin's surface. That's how the smoothness happens.'

There's a new 'Moon Drops' beauty masque to help keep your skin looking more naturally healthy, no matter which of these 3 you choose:



### Moisturizing Honey Masque

A clear 'peel-off' gel that works hard to lift out impurities, replenish moisture in just 15 minutes. Then peels off—zip, like that! (For normal to dry skin.)



### Re-texturing Egg Masque

A pale, creamy lotion that's rich with whole egg protein. Deep-cleanses. Tightens pores. Gives skin a visible 'new' texture in just 7 minutes. (For all skin types.)



### Stimulating Mint Masque

A sparkly-green gel with pure fresh mint, nature's own stimulant. In 3 minutes, gives you a refreshed, wide-awake skin. For all skins (especially oily).

# FOOD MASQUES BY REVLON



# Redken's Climatress™ Moisturizing Creme Protein Conditioner.

## It brings dry, dull hair back to life.



It's not hard to spot dry damaged hair. It's lackluster. Lifeless. The ends split and frizz. And it breaks when you set, comb or tease it.

Hair that's completely devoid of moisture is a problem. *But* so is hair that has too much moisture. The solution: Redken's Climatress™ Moisturizing Creme Protein Conditioner, scientifically and carefully formulated to give your hair a moisture balance.

Climatress moisturizes the hair shaft to combat dryness and brittleness. At the same time hydrophobic (moisture repelling) properties shield the hair from humidity, so your set won't wilt in the damp air.

Climatress gives

dull hair a beautiful sheen. Unlike cremes and cholesterol treatments which lack protein, it won't make hair oily, stringy or unmanageable.

Condition your hair with the acid-balanced formula professional hair stylists use. Climatress Moisturizing Creme Protein Conditioner. Your hair will take a shine to it the first time you use it.

Climatress and other Redken hair and skin products are sold for home use only through your salon. Look for the Redken beauty mark under "beauty salons" in your local telephone directory. Or write Redken Laboratories, 14721 Califa, Van Nuys, California 91401, for further information.



Only at your beauty salon.

# VOGUE BOOKS

## Inside tips IN NEW BOOKS:

### RALPH NADER, CHINA, WEIGHT LOSS

BY ALLENE TALMEY

**The Doctor's Quick Weight Loss Diet Cookbook** by Irwin Maxwell Stillman, M.D., and Samm Sinclair Baker (David McKay). Dr. Stillman here gives a triple quantity: his quick weight-loss diet and recipes, his quick inches-off diet and recipes, his stay-slim diet and recipes plus diet and recipe stuff for teens.

**300,000,000: The Real China** by Ross Terrill (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A Harvard scholar who looks at the Red Chinese without either astigmatism or myopia, Terrill chats about his two visits there, the most recent last summer, with a relaxed but persuasive hold, noting that "China is comprehensively organized, but not perfectly . . ." that there will be a political rather than a military solution to Taiwan, and that its leaders are patient practitioners of power. To underscore the hapless schottische of American policy towards the mainland and Chiang Kai-shek, it is a fresh eye-sweep to read Terrill with John G. Stoen's recent *Nations in Darkness: China, Russia, America*.

**Every Other Inch a Lady**, an autobiography by Beatrice Lillie with the help of two enemies (Doubleday). A drowned, exhausting book that blacks out Lady Peel.

**The Arnheiter Affair** by Neil Sheehan (Random House). Everything about this book, including the names of Captain Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter and Lieutenant Generous, seems grossly artificial, the product of a fantasist, when in reality everything is true, unfortunately. A fine job of research went into the book, and only the wayward minds of the U. S. Navy seem obscure. Arnheiter comes off an understandable ego-wrecking eccentric, but the admirals?

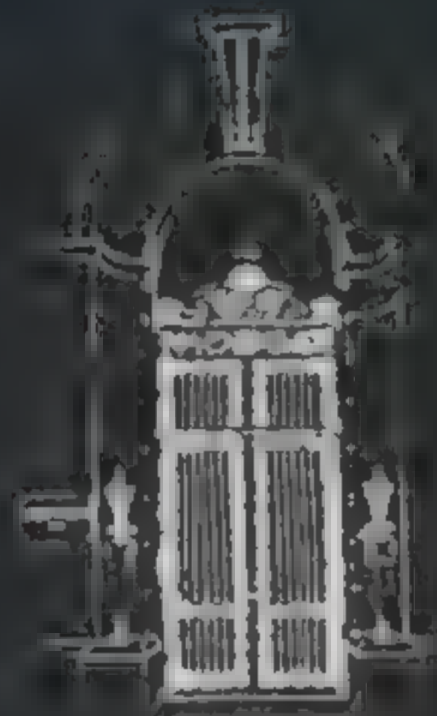
**The Terminal Man** by Michael Crichton (Alfred A. Knopf). A bony medical thriller, with brain surgery and murder, epilepsy and psychiatrists, in-

cluding a sub-standard chase.

**Citizen Nader** by Charles McCarry (Saturday Review Press). McCarry mentions on page 31 that Nader's father, a Lebanese Greek Catholic, had "the celebrated acumen of his people." A nutty statement, but then perhaps McCarry has never seen poor Lebanese in their country. I have. For the most part, however, the book is good, especially in those parts where Nader gores such corporations as Union Carbide, an elderly, global, three-billion-dollar corporation with a plant in Anmoore, West Virginia. There the plant recklessly poured pollution into the air and paid only \$9,000 in town taxes. McCarry shows how carefully Nader's men work. When they finished, Union Carbide, which had lusted after profits there like those old men who lusted for sex while watching Susanna at the bath, paid \$100,000 a year in taxes to Anmoore, cleaned up the air and the ditches which ran with sewage. What McCarry displays of Nader is his single-mindedness, his face that looks as though a piranha had been nibbling at him, his talent for invective, his genius at nosing out corporate corruption.

**Souls on Fire: Portraits and Legends of Hasidic Masters** by Elie Wiesel (Random House). A God-struck book, this cache of wonders is about the Jews and their rebbes who lived in Russia, Poland, Ukraine, and Lithuania in the 1700's and mid 1800's, outwardly persecuted but inwardly exultant, fervent, and joyous as they waited for the Messiah to deliver them personally to paradise. The Masters, starting with Israel Baal Shem Tov, always had frank dialogues with God, understood the ways of Satan, and spaced their mysticism with common sense. Moshe of Ujhely, who "waited his whole life for the Messiah," at night always reminded his sons: "If he comes, wake me right away!" ▼





rare jewels of the world

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in your life—that travel everywhere in style,  
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more woman... Ondine is more fragrance.  
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entire spectrum of moods. Choose from Parfums,  
Eau de Toilette, Oils, Soaps and Powders...*  
*Ondine is every woman you are.*

**LILLY PULITZER**

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**ONDINE®**









**HE'S MORE MAN THAN HE USED TO BE...**

*Women love his all-man fragrance,  
Wind Drift, by the makers of English Leather—  
available in After Shave, Cologne, Soaps and  
impressive cork-packaged gift sets. If you've  
ever listened to the pounding surf and felt  
a refreshing spray of salt air, you know why men  
choose Wind Drift. You also get an idea of  
the inspiration for Lilly Pulitzer's latest  
collection of summer prints, splashed and  
swirled with bright color. Her crisp new-wave  
designs for men and women make a little  
more of a great fashion look.*

# Wind Drift®

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COLOGNE

by English Leather  
WIND COMPANY, INC. HONOLULU, HAWAII  
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"We are living in the age of knits and I have designed Herculon II clothes in the easy casual mood that is my kind of fashion for women."

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And look for the Herculon II  
hang tag on great clothes.

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# Love your hair



## Wella Care Do.

Makes your hair remember the set from shampoo to shampoo.

Whether you use a hot comb, rollers, or just set your hair with a comb, Wella Care Do keeps it looking the way you like it. Because Care Do is the first hair set with memory. Adds body and texturizes, too. The more you brush and comb, the better your hair looks. And Care Do conditions as it sets. Makes hair silky and shining. Three strengths: Regular Hold, Extra Hold and Special Formula for bleached and color-treated hair.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care. Ask your hairdresser.





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TUCKED BODICE DRESS OF "WOOL. IT'S GOT LIFE" IN BROWN/POWDER BLUE, PLUM/MAUVE, GREY/RED. DESIGNED BY MARIO FORTE. SIZES 6 TO 16. ABOUT \$65.\* FOR STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE RONA, INC., 498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018. "THE WOOLMARK LABEL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF QUALITY-TESTED PRODUCTS MADE OF THE WORLD'S BEST... PURE WOOL"



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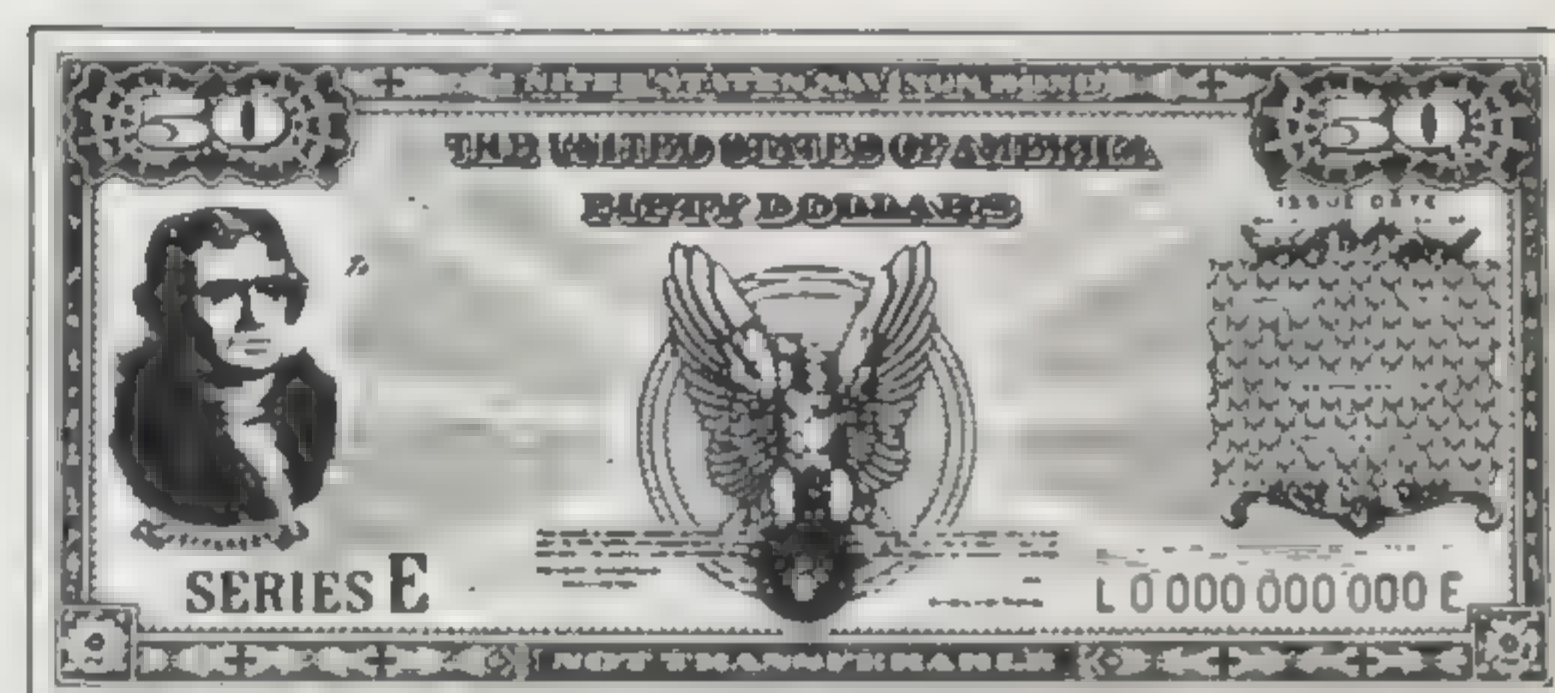
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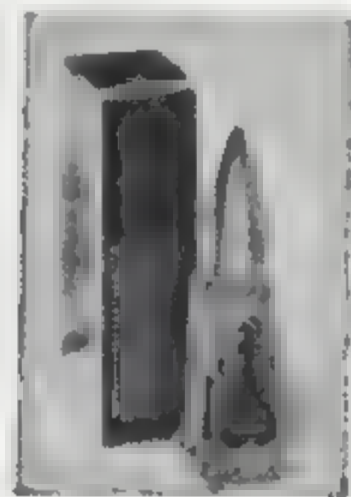


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# VOGUE MOVIES

## *America's movie women:*

THEY ARE SUFFERING, ZANY, AND—IN ONE CASE—MEN

BY MOLLY HASKELL

They don't make movies like they used to; but sometimes they try and fail, and sometimes they try not to and almost succeed. I am thinking of Peter Bogdanovich's *What's Up, Doc?*, a comedy that, in spite of the all-star glitter of Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal and the gloss of the San Francisco locale, fails to develop a screwball soul of its own comparable to the 'thirties comedies it emulates. And I am thinking of *Women in Revolt*, the latest novelty from the Warhol-Morrissey factory, a lewd and funny commentary on Women's Lib featuring those terrible transvestites Jackie Curtis, Holly Woodlawn, and Candy Darling, which is ultimately no more defamatory to Women's Lib than it is to the Hollywood myths of the 'forties and 'fifties, specifically the gloriously suffering image of the women's pictures and the show-biz scandal biographies to which the three revolting women are rightful heir (ess?)s.

Just as adaptations that depart radically from the substance of a work often capture its spirit more nearly than slavishly faithful ones, *Women in Revolt* goes home again by sneaking in the back door. Both parody and *homage*, it re-creates the masochistic misery of the woman's picture while remaining faithful to its own spirit of funk. The three transvestites present archetypal models of "Oppressed" women: Jackie, the virgin schoolteacher fed up with the men she's never had; Holly, the high-fashion model and nymphomaniac to whom men are as necessary as long fingernails and limousines; and Candy Darling, the beautiful, blond Long Island-and-Park Avenue debutante who wants to get away from Daddy's name and money and become a star in her own right. The three, who have about as much in common as, say, Jackie Kennedy Onassis, Bella Abzug, and Dita Beard, manage

to discover common ground with each other and with Women's Lib in their oppression by men.

Opinion is divided over whether the film is reactionary, with the transvestites perpetuating the roles of women as sex objects, or whether it supports Women's Lib in its satire on male lust and sexual-power politics. I tend to side with the latter position, since the would-be feminists show that women have been as militant in love as in liberation. And, as somewhat unsightly examples of female pulchritude, Jackie and Holly reconcile myth and reality, redeeming all the homely women for whom movie stars were surrogate sufferers.

The film has its dull as well as crude moments and is not for the faint of heart. Jackie's assaults on her private pedicurist, who gets the wrong side of her foot more often than not; Holly Woodlawn's bare breast, enough to grow hair on the chest of any self-respecting female; and Candy's casting couch entente with a seedy, third-rate booking agent are among the more decorously vulgar delights. In spite of the explicit sexuality (de-mystifying rather than erotic), the film's sensibility is fixed firmly in the repressed 'forties and 'fifties and is articulated in a post-"swell" and pre-"groovy" dialect, when men were not male chauvinists but simple cads. And just how big, the film wonders teasingly, is the difference?

Home is where the heart is; and the Hollywood of Bogdanovich's film-buff heart goes back earlier, to the period of comedy that we now call classical but then saw simply as a succession of witty, breathlessly paced, homegrown (and therefore not "artistic") comedies directed by such experts as Howard Hawks and Leo McCarey. When it was released, Hawks's *Bringing Up Baby*, to which *What's Up, Doc?* specifically refers—with O'Neal's

musicologist the counterpart of Cary Grant's paleontologist and Streisand, a Bugs Bunny version of Katharine Hepburn—was considered too unrelentingly zany for most tastes; but it shares with all great comedy that inner logic whereby gags grow out of character rather than the other way around. Funny as some of the gags in *What's Up, Doc?* are (the screenplay was written by Buck Henry from a story by Bogdanovich, Robert Benton, and David Newman), they seem to erupt independent from their victims and perpetrators and thus fail to reverberate with the added dimensions of character revelation and danger.

Hepburn and Grant were equally matched warrior-lovers in the battle of the sexes, his absentmindedness being the perfect cushion for her assaults; and they were united in an antagonism in which every crack was the backhand of a caress. The collision of Streisand and O'Neal seems engineered not by a loving fate but by a leering Streisand, against whose machinations O'Neal's bumbling is no defense.

The one electrifying moment of communion occurs when they meet in the rooftop lookout. Draped over a piano O'Neal is playing, Streisand begins to sing "As Time Goes By" while the camera launches into a 360-degree pan around them. But the lyrical movement is ended with a pratfall.

But perhaps these are the disappointments of someone who was led by Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show* to expect more. The film has a glow of confidence; and among its virtues are a breathtaking comic chase through San Francisco and some fine supporting performances, particularly by Madeline Kahn as O'Neal's primly shrill fiancée, a begloved and bewigged busybody with a voice that would curdle fresh cream. ▼



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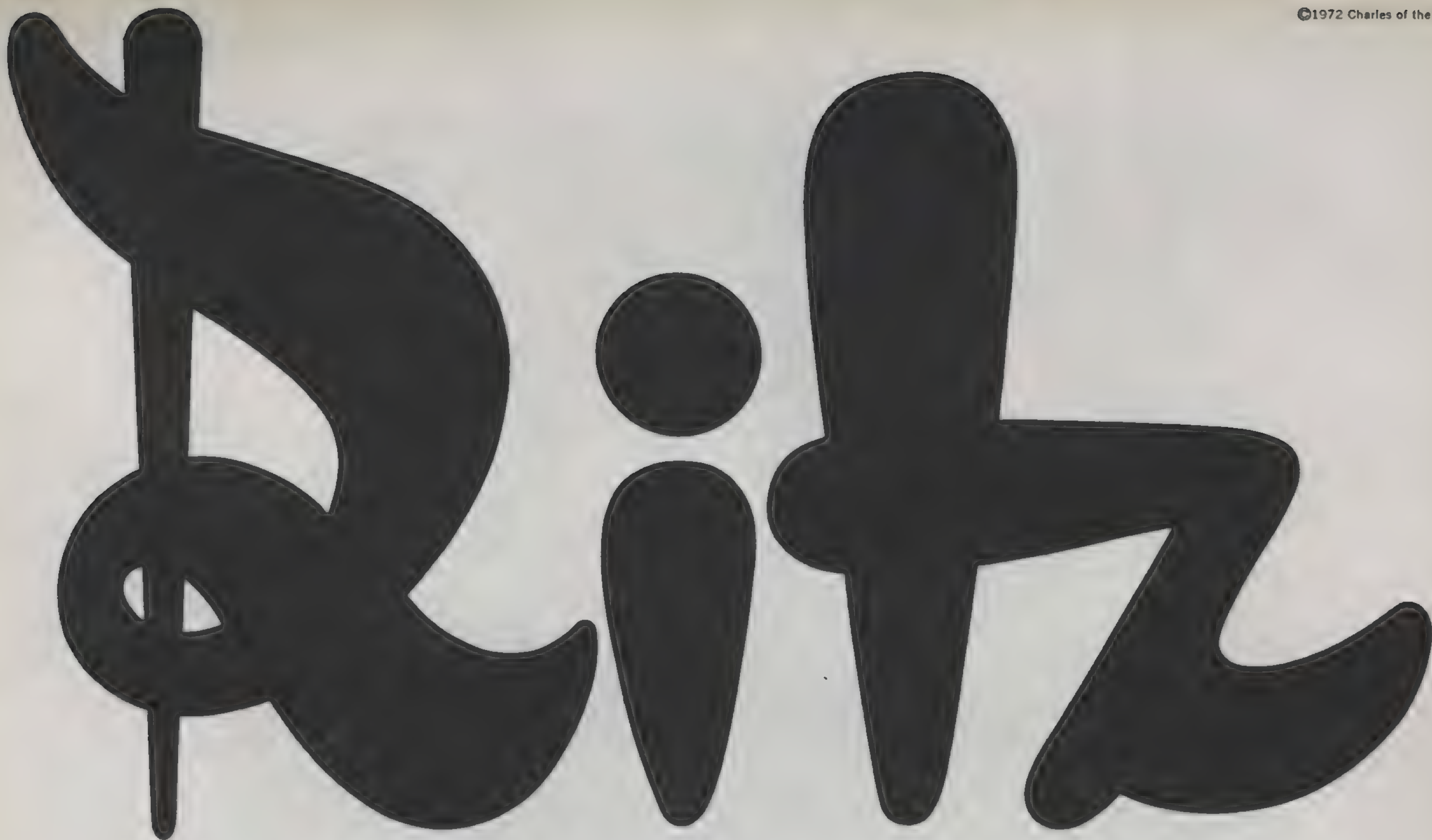
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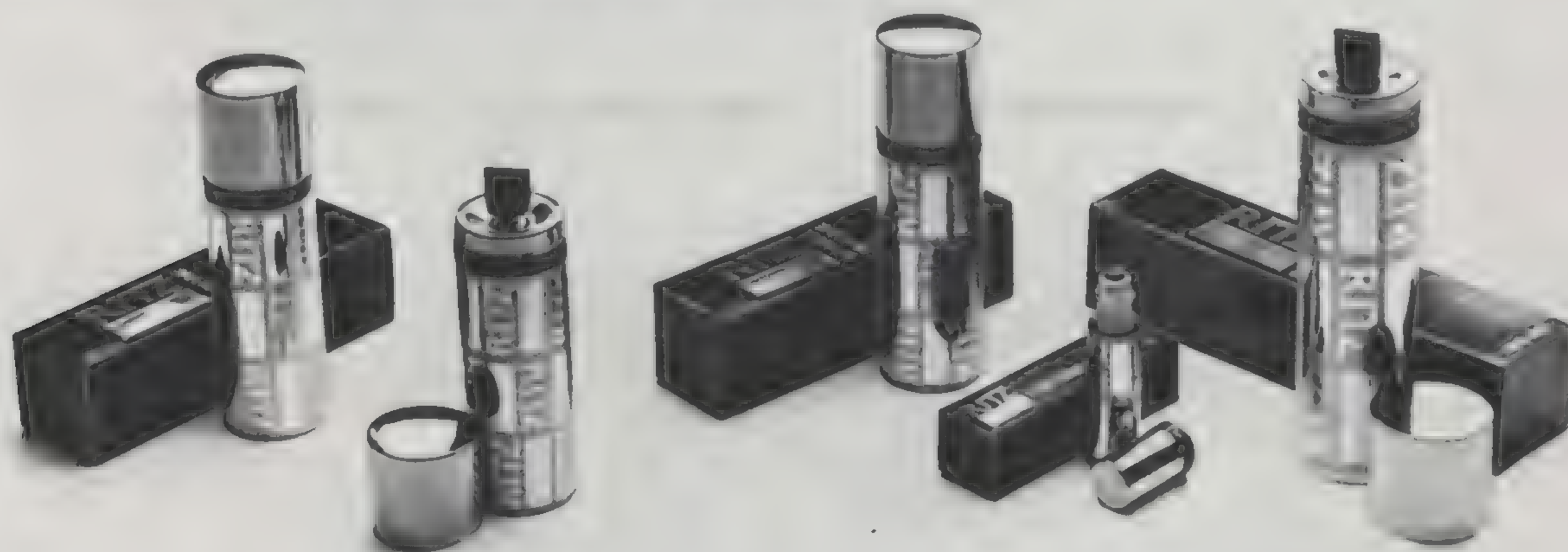




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Back home, but thinking safari, Bernadette Peters (one of the original Dames at Sea, star of *On The Town*, a Young Individualist and the spirited reviver of tip-tap-toe dancing) goes all fakey spots in this coat by Halldon Ltd., with deeper all-cuddly collar and cuffs (this, too, in fab fabric by La France (a division of Riegel Textiles Corp.). The coat, 35% mohair, 65% modacrylic; the collar and cuffs, 63% acrylic, 37% cotton. Spots-before-your-eyes brown tones. 8-16. 130.00.

Busy as can be, Christian Byrne is the President of her own music publishing firm, "Byrne, Baby, Byrne, Inc." and Vice-President of Radioland Studios, a recording company, when not occupied composing and arranging. Christian cannot resist (or be resisted in) her great wrap coat, dramatically styled by Rogues Gallery in Temptierra® pile of all Orlon® acrylic. With a collar begging to frame a beautiful profile. Mysterious Midnight Black. 8-16. 100.00.

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**THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® DISCOVERS THE FANTASTIC FAKES.**

Back from romantic reality, Betsy von Furstenburg (actress, author, critic, animal photographer) goes frankly fake looking only fab. This way, Betsy loves animals, which is only one reason for loving this Career Originals coat. Its beautiful, adorable spotted spoof possible because of fabric by La France (a division of Riegel Textiles Corp.). The coat, 75% Dynel® mod-acrylic, 25% mohair. The rich collar, 63% acrylic, 37% cotton. Spotted with real dark brown trim. 8-16, 165.00.

Finding herself the object of a safari-photographer, Anjelica Huston (of the famous theatrical and film Hustons, deserving big-star acclaim for her very first film) poses smiling in a wonderful, vinyl-cinched coat by Greenlea Modes. Ivy International did the fabric for the coat of 70% rayon, 30% cotton; collared and cuffed it as deep and rich as possible in 80% acrylic, 20% modacrylic. Deepest mottled brown. 8-16, 115.00.

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## ***It works while your eyes are closed***

... making eyelashes thicker, stronger, silkier. Coty's new Perfect Lashes Conditioner is the first night cream made especially for eyelashes ... and how they've needed it. Applied like mascara, it dries colorless, greaseless; supplies lashes with protein, moisturizers while you sleep. ... For waking hours, there's Coty Perfect Lashes Mascara—which is not only waterproof, no-flake, no-smear, but also strengthens lashes with hydrolyzed protein. The two work superbly together for total, 24-hour care. They see eye to eye. ...

## ***A four-part salon facial at home***

... is what Helena Rubinstein provides, in a new group of skin treatments called Skin Life Facial Texturizers. ... First comes Skin Life Face Planing Treatment, a gelée and lotion that work together to slough off dead surface cells—revealing a layer of fresh, clean skin, clear and soft as a baby's. This is an every-so-often treatment to use once a month, or oftener depending on your skin. ... Between times—weekly for dry skin, oftener for oily—Skin Life Clarifying Mineral Mask steps in. This is a rinse-off mask, bright green, refreshing, that works to deep-clean, brighten, lift off impurities. Another between-time helper is Skin Life Sauna Moisture Mask, a two-part treatment (rich emollient, peel-off moisture seal) that sluices moisture deep down into dry, lined skin—and helps it stay there. Marvelous for skin parched by sun, wind. ... Working with all these, or alone, is Skin Life Eye Oil Wrinkle Stick—to soften, moisturize, protect the thin-skinned, telltale area around the eyes. It glides on gently from a lipstick-like case ... can (and should) be used 24 hours a day.

## ***Hair doings***

Four good do-ers to help you cope with the whole hair-in-summer routine—when it needs extra-good care, but you don't want to spend time caring. ... Color plus conditioning comes in *Breck Shampoo-In Hair Color*—a single-process tint with organic protein that locks in color and prevents fading through the months of sun-days ahead. ... It takes mere minutes to blow-and-brush wet hair dry, straight hair into curves, or curly hair into calmness with *Lady Schick's Air Styler Dryer*. Twelve ounces light, can be taken wherever current runs. ... For hair that goes blah in the night, *Scotch Hair Set Tape* holds that line or tendril or guiche while you sleep—and no hair-pulling, no clip-marks in sight when you de-tape. Ditto when you cleverly tape up a few pin-curls under your bathing cap, or keep your hair taut and smooth under your wig—no end to what you and a roll of this pretty pink tape can do together. ... And if you're smart enough to stow a minibrush in your handbag, like *Medicis' super ebony-and-boar-bristle 6½-incher*, you've got all you need to keep a summer coif in shape.

(More Ready Beauty page 40)





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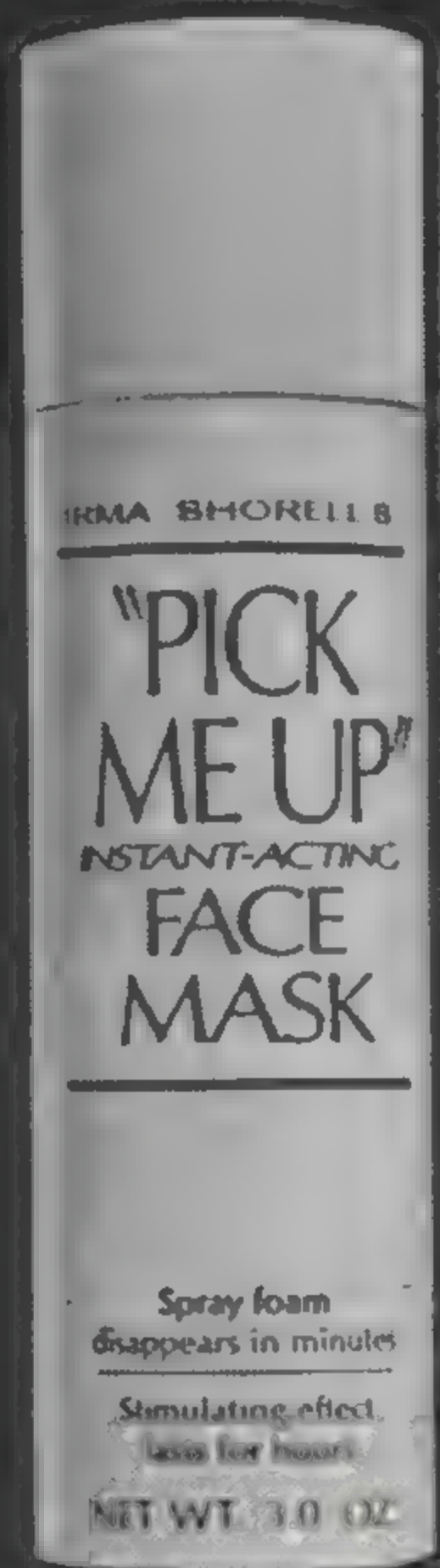
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# VOGUE READY BEAUTY

## Pretty body news—take five

What the world needs now—since the season of bareness is upon us—is a way to keep skin dazzlingly smooth and soft all over. And that need could well be filled with the new Body Treatment Collection from Shiseido—a group of five new body coddlers. There are two things for the throat: the peel-off Throat Firming Pack that smooths and tightens, lifts off neatly like an extra skin; also, Enriched Throat Cream that fights crêpiness and weathering. Freshlegs Lotion, deliciously fresh-minty, gives legs a smooth, glossy finish. Gritty Pretty softens rough skin—great for knees, elbows, heels. And for all the rest of you, there's Body Moisturizing Lotion, full of the natural skin-softeners that sun and weather try to take away. . . .

## News for the delicious bath

Turn on your bath, and you can turn off the world—making this your private time for renewal, repose, luxury. Some of the newest, most luxurious things you can put into your bath, now. . . . Chamade bath oil from Guerlain, a marvelous thing to be dipped in (there's also talc and soap to match). . . . Dioressence Foaming Milk Bath—it foams, perfumes, also turns the bath water a dreamy Caribbean blue. . . . Bath Silk from Jean Naté, for in or out of tub—a clean, citrus scent with great emollients for skin. . . . Bath Oil Crystals (blue) and beautiful little soaps (pink), both with an Intimate message from Revlon. . . . For *la grande conclusion*, new Poudre Parfumée for after-bath, scented with Cabochard by Grès. . . .

## Water—made perfectly clear

Our drinking water is not always the crystal stream it ought to be. We could sit down and cry about it—though tears only provide salt water, and that's undrinkable too. Or we could do as many water-purists are doing—search out one of the ingenious new water-filtering devices. From that Culligan man, there's the Aqua I Water Purifier that attaches neatly over the kitchen sink; water that runs its course flows out sweet and clear. There are master-filters that attach at the water main, thereby clearing up incoming water at all faucets; two makers of these are Cuno Engineering and Universal Water Softener. Smallest and simplest are units that attach directly to the faucet, do their filtering right at point-of-drink; these could be from American Brands, Crystal Research Labs, or Filter Flo. All types have cartridges that need replacement occasionally but this, we're told, is easy and inexpensive. Worth it, considering extra benefits to coffee, tea, soups, mixed drinks, ice cubes, plants, fish. . . . (For these and more water clearers, check your telephone directory.)



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# eyes

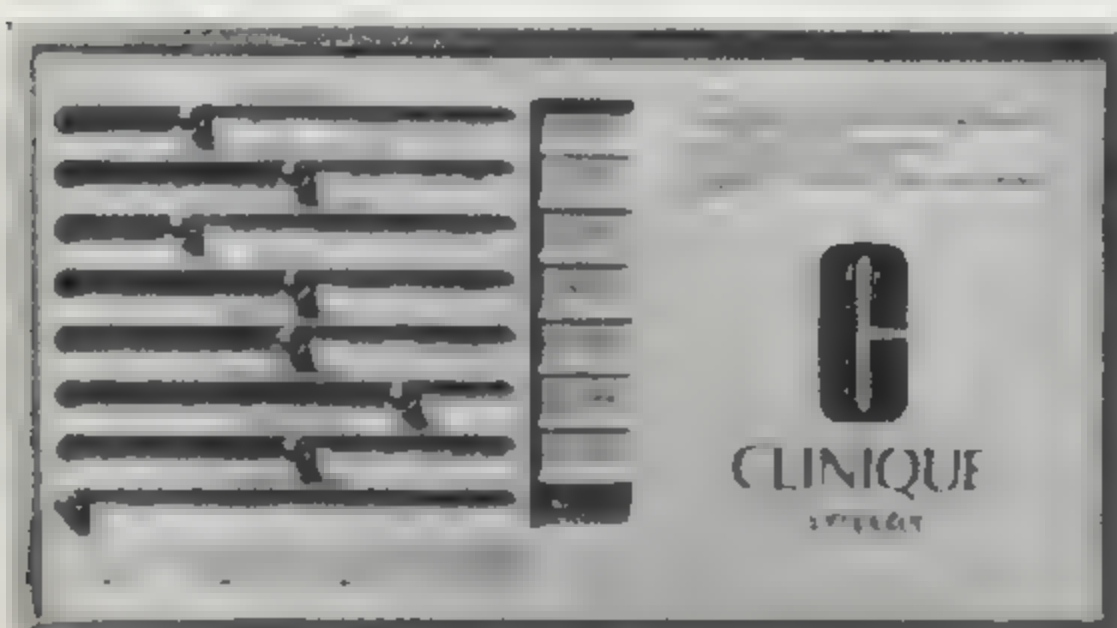


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# VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

**What gentlemen  
prefer:  
everything  
to keep a man  
looking good,  
feeling fit**

When it comes to good looks and good health, men have come a long way, baby. They want the same kinds of care and attention women have always had. And that's just what they're getting now—often at places where co-ed is the new order of the day. . . . **Starting from the top:** In New York, men and women can have their hair cut at the same spots all over town. John de Coney, a men's barber on Madison Avenue, has a new separate floor for cutting the ladies off—in the nicest way. Paul McGregor on St. Mark's Place handles cutting, dyeing, curling for both sexes. Sebou, who's coiffed some of the prettiest female heads, will do the same for men, giving special attention to thinning hair problems. Saturday is family day—everyone comes together in his East 68th Street salon. Vidal Sassoon cuts for a man at his men's salon tucked away in Bonwit Teller, and at for-men-only places in Beverly Hills, London, Manchester, Toronto. . . . Hair color for men? Sebou does it. So does the Jackie Rogers' Salon for Men—and not just covering grey, but adding rinses to bring out highlights, sunbursting, streaking, color switching. Keeping all hair healthy—Don Lee's super treatments on West 57th St. . . . **Face it men—**a man's skin can have the same problems as a woman's, according to Georgette Klinger. And she should know—her expert care has been helping women's faces for thirty years. Now men can have the same on their very own floor of the Madison Avenue salon. More masculine face saving at Christine Valmy on West 57th Street. . . . For total luxury: a session with Jerry, the most famous barber of them all. Not only his renown cuts and styling, but the works—shampoos, rinses, mud packs, eyebrow tinting, anti-greying treatments, facials, manicures. All at Bergdorf Goodman. . . .

**Male scents-ability—**equals the female's. And there's something for everyone from the rugged outdoors man to the man whose only exercise is flicking dials on the TV. . . . Canoe by Dana, the fragrance that launched a thousand men—and more—on the cologne habit, is still a treat—light, citrus-y, crisp. . . . Wind Drift from the makers of English Leather is brisk, bracing, tangy. Newest way to get it on—Wind Drift Sport Lotion, which moisturizes and soothes skin that's had too much real wind and sun. . . . For sun-sea-and-salt lovers—Monsieur Worth from Parfums Worth—a new cologne that's instant refreshment. . . . Bill Blass fans can whoosh on his sexy, patchouli-pungent scent with the new Blass Under Glass Spray Cologne. . . . Adventure from Mediterranean shores: Maquis, blended with things-that-grow-wild on the hills of Corsica, takes its name from the French freedom fighters—just as daring. . . . Agua Brava translates as “rugged water”—plenty of rugged zest and brio in the Eau de Cologne from Puig of Barcelona—herb-fresh, modern, lasting. . . . Chanel for Men—twice as much of this top-drawer fragrance in A Gentlemen's Deluxe Case—after-shave and cologne together in a lizard-y black box. . . . At Caswell-Massey, a man could have trouble deciding which of their scents is his—Verbena or Lime or Persian Leather. Or . . . all available in cologne, toilet water, and shave lotion. And while he's there, he can also pick up a bottle of their special Musk Oil—very small in size, very potent on any female audience. . . . **Heads up:** Coping and caring for what's more than likely a longer length of hair can be made easier with Norelco's Untangler Hair Brush Massager. This hand-sized gadget has bristles that move over the entire scalp and work down to the ends. It gets out snarls, massages in scalp creams and conditioners, and helps rev up circulation in the scalp from whence comes all really healthy hair. . . . Pantene, whose products are responsible for some of the best-groomed heads around, have just come out with a No-Rinse Conditioner—it goes on after washing, stays in from one shampooing to the next, keeps hair shining, work-able. . . . If greying is a problem, one solution is Great Day Concentrate from Clairol—an easy-to-use, non-dripping gel applied like shampoo. Hair can go dark all at once or gradually. . . . Men can have their beer and shampoo with it, too, thanks to new Malt-Enriched Shampoo from Aramis—mild enough to be used every day, strong enough to get out dirt and excess oil. And the beer-for-the-hair idea, we might add, is one women (Continued on page 155)



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# VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

**Fragrance is  
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cation . .**

What woman doesn't love to smell good and hear a man say so, whether it's her husband or her taxi driver? Some women wouldn't switch perfumes any more than they'd switch husbands. Others are more fickle. . . . For these romantic souls, here are four engaging new perfumes to fall in love with. . . . First—from France—comes Gigolo, in the Art Deco bottle at left, winged with fake tortoise and a stroke of chrome. It's a nervy, verry, "green" perfume (fresh, grassy, leafy) with flower oils and a subtle throb of patchouli under all. The wearer, it's said, is still aware of it up to eight fragrant hours after she's put it on. . . . In Spain, the rain falls mainly on the plain and only lightly in Catalonia, which makes the flowers there bloom with a special defined fragrance all their own. These flowers, plus greenery, make up Diagonal by Pertegaz—named for the Barcelona street where his couture house is located. It's a brisk, international scent that's as much at home with tennis whites as it is with sables. And, unlike most perfumes, it comes in *spray* flacons in the three traditional sizes (one-quarter, one-half, and the full ounce), two of which are pictured here. . . . Then there's Vivre, new from Molyneux. Vivre is French for "live"—surprise—and a lively scent it is, blending woodsiness, rose, tea flower, and orange blossom with a dash of secret spice. It's bottled in the cut crystal flacon at left, like a chip from a lightning bolt—and a nice little storm it might stir up, yes? . . . Finally, consider F de Ferragamo, a *vivace* new Italian perfume from the people who give you shoes (not to mention nifty Italian handbags, fashions, accessories). F is a swizzle of flowery, leathery, and woody notes with a pungent Oriental edge. And comes in silvery spray flacons or the dazzling twist bottle here, capped with a clear crystal cube. (F de Ferragamo, only at Saks Fifth Avenue.)



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perfumes  
get the  
message  
across**





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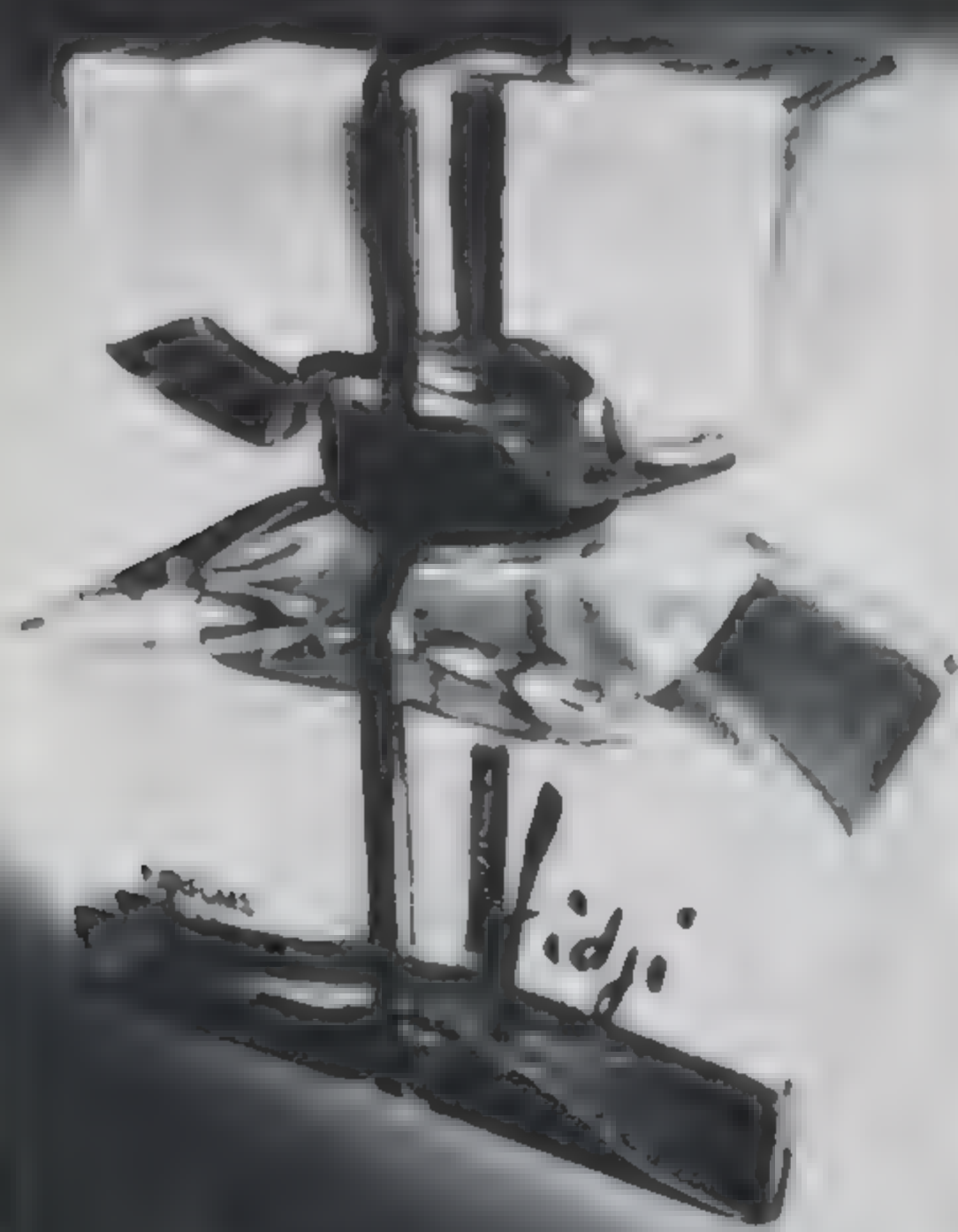
From now on, neither heat nor humidity can keep you from looking great. UltraLucent Waterproof Make-Up. Its flawless finish stays fresh, won't streak or run. Goes on silky smooth for a look so natural and light, you won't even know you have it on. Protects and moisturizes your skin with a unique new emollient base.

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## Max Factor







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The modern  
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by Guy Laroche

Perfume. Pulse Spray Perfume.  
Toilet Water. Spray Cologne.

## What to do, see, hear

### A GLORIOUS SUMMER HERE AND THERE

**NEW YORK:** *New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival*, June 18-June 25, a splendid seven days of dance and music, celebrating the ninetieth birthday of Igor Stravinsky, the Russian composer who died last year. Thirty works will be seen, none repeated—one of the most extraordinary weeks of ballet in this century. *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, on Broadway, Phil Silvers raucously funny in a vaudeville that is a good two thousand years old. *A King's Book of Kings*, until July 4, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, magnificent Persian miniatures from a sixteenth-century manuscript, a new splendor just added to the other splendors of the Met. *Ancient Time/Ancient Place*, The Jewish Museum, until July 9, endlessly fascinating photographs by Erich Lessing of the mix of places and cultures in the Bible. **LONDON:** *The Treasures of Tutankhamen*, the British Museum, the exhibition of the magnificent tomb treasures, discovered fifty years ago, that were virtually undisturbed for almost three thousand years. The chief amazement is the life-size statue of the king with gold kilt and sandals. *Exhibitions of the costumes from the two royal television serials*—it had to happen—*The Six Wives of Henry VIII* at Hampton Court Palace and *Elizabeth R* at Sudeley Castle, homes often visited by the two monarchs. *Gone With the Wind*, the spectacular Japanese musical version of the Georgia classic that opened May 3, a magnificent theatrical freak with Harve Presnell and June Ritchie as Rhett and Scarlett. *The benefit festival to rebuild Shakespeare's Globe Theatre*, a worthy but belated cause. **PARIS:** *The Bolshoi Ballet*, in Paris for the first time in fourteen years. The exciting, brilliant classical centerpiece is, of course, Maya Plisetskaya in *Swan Lake*, a performance so transcendently beautiful that the audience gasps. *Tchaikovsky*, Dimitri Tiomkin's movie biography of the Russian composer, made in Russia, that is deeply serious with a strong psychoanalysis and a sweeping view of nineteenth-century Russia that invades the music in a most unforgettable way. **BLOSSOM MUSIC CENTER, CUYA-HOGA FALLS, OHIO**, June 29-July 2, opening the *City Center Joffrey Ballet*, *Astarte*, one of the lushest contemporary ballets with its glittering sexuality and rushing images. **FILENE CENTER, WOLF TRAP FARM PARK FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS, NEAR VIENNA, VIRGINIA**, the *Philadelphia Orchestra* under Eugene Ormandy, June 16-17, a blaze of virtuoso sound. **PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI**, the *Museum of Haitian Art*, just opened, paintings and sculpture that touch both the primitive and the colonial, images that shimmer with a fierce vitality. **STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT**, *The American Shakespeare Festival Theatre*, June 20-September 3, a great place for a weekend of George Bernard Shaw and William Shakespeare. This season: *Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Major Barbara*. **JERUSALEM, ISRAEL**, *Vien-nese Weeks in Jerusalem*, June 11-25, one of those cultural splashes that gives you at once life, art, cuisine. ▼

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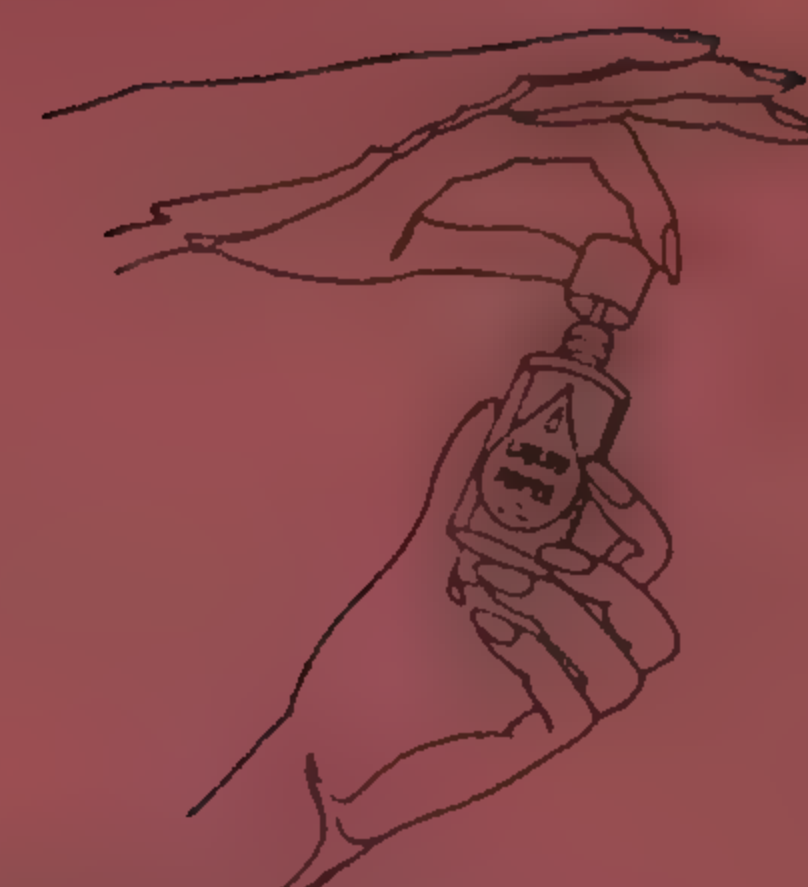
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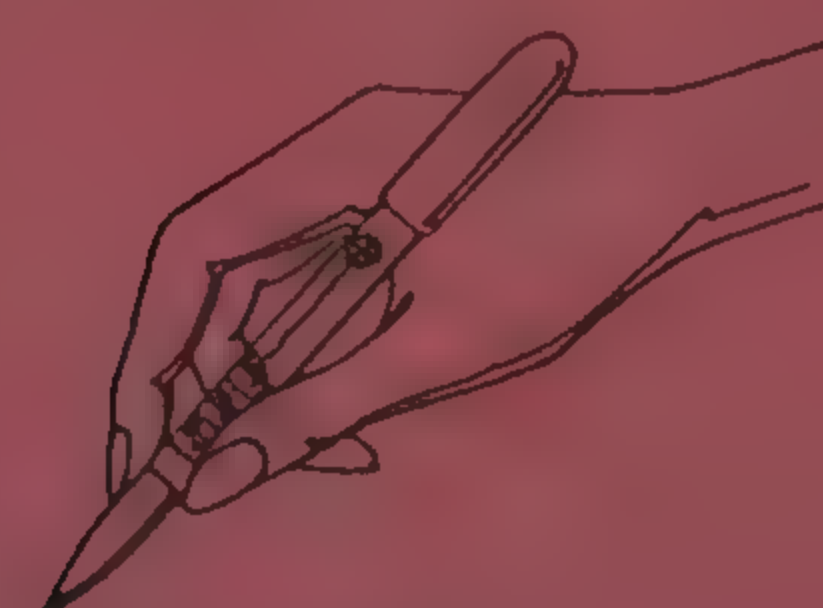


"The issue of the women's movement is choice only. We think that each woman should be able to choose what type of life she wants."

ELIZABETH FORSLING HARRIS  
Co-Founder of MS Magazine



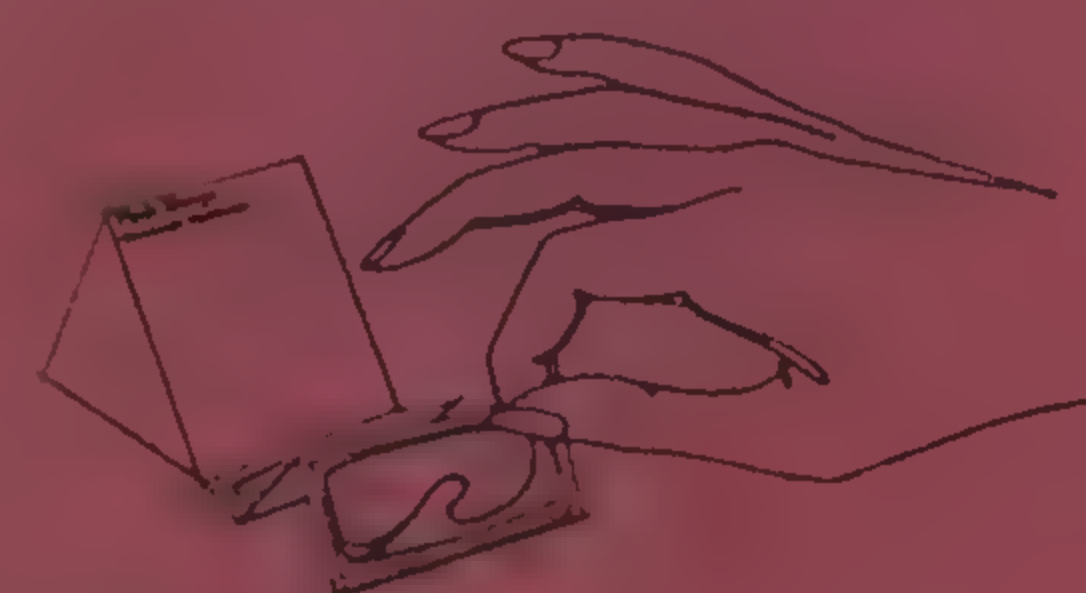
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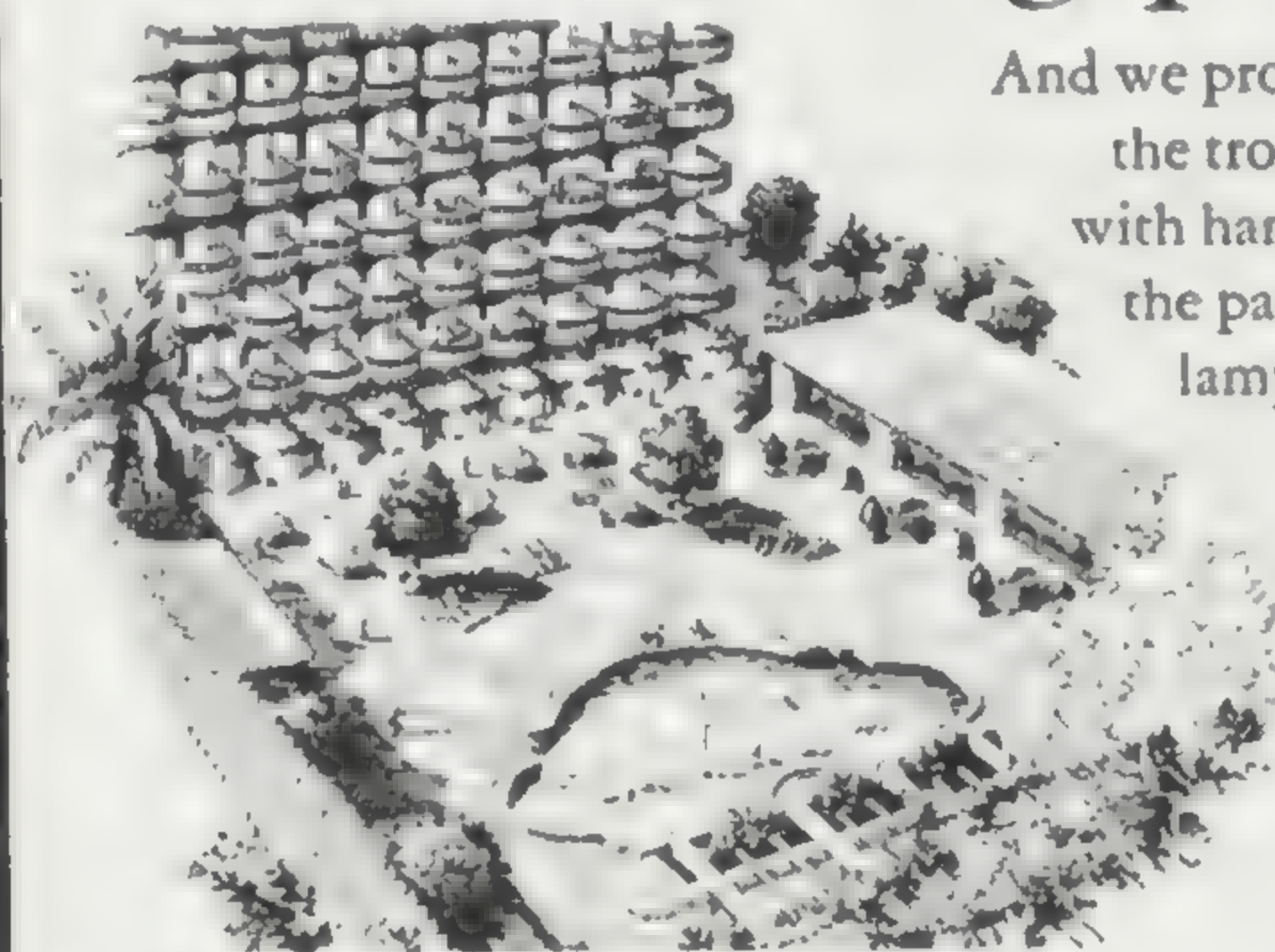
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# VOGUE TRAVEL

## The Bahamas:

### ALL-YEAR HAVEN FOR THE GOOD LIFE

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

**T**he Bahamas, those hundreds of islands, coral chunks spread in a sea like tie-dyed blue-green chiffon, seem created for living with joy. Life is uncomplicated. The paraphernalia for doing things in the sun and sea are there. Hotels provide everything from baby-sitters to aqua-lung instructors. The Bahamas are a year-round delight and, for Easterners, a quick getaway in their own time zone.

The settled serenity of the seven hundred Out Islands remains unfazed by the detonations of new developments and the planeloads of visitors. People scatter into the sun, distances shield the sights and sounds of new enterprises.

The delights of the long, skinny island of Eleuthera begin with the ease of getting there. For the less-than-twenty-minute trip from Nassau, passengers switch planes on Nassau's airfield, take off directly for Rock Sound International Airport on the southern end of Eleuthera. There, in a shed fanned by soft winds, they speed through Customs, Immigration, away.

As you drive along a narrow spine, the only road, sequences of sea views appear through the greens. Eleuthera is Nassau's truck farm, grows delicious tomatoes, lettuce, pineapples, oranges and even has dairy and chicken farms. One turnoff through an alley of casuarina trees leads to a meadow shared by Charolais cattle and cranes, both white.

Eleuthera's main town, Rock Sound, blends efficiency with whimsy. The circular Barclay's Bank building looks like a small vanilla cupcake. At the new air-conditioned Market Place, the car park uses trees for markers. A small ravishing octagonal building with a cupola and a large crown over the columned portico is the Bahamas Telecommunications center, manned usually by three friendly women. Telephone calls placed there, even to "overseas" Nassau, come across clearly.

Sounds of an organist practicing, on weekday afternoons, may draw you into the blinding whiteness of the Anglican Church with slender Gothic windows, some streaming with sunlight, others framing blue sea. Beyond a particular banyan tree where men available for chores hang out, parrot fish and snappers in a deep quiet pool, the Ocean Hole, snap up bread thrown by visitors. To get bread, drop into the town bakery; you'll end by buying cookies or a pie.

The Cotton Bay Club, a marvelously groomed retreat (twelve miles from the airport), in winter open only to members, after Easter (until August 15) changes its name to Rock Sound Club on Cotton Bay and opens to nonmembers. Ice-blue cottages, clubhouse, and pro shop spread around a championship golf course, tennis courts, a lagoon, and two miles of palm-edged beach. Terraces and patios for outdoor living, air conditioning and ceiling fans for indoor comfort; brilliant chintzes in white rooms. Now, double rooms for two with breakfast and dinner, from \$48 to \$55 a day.

A southwestern finger of Eleuthera, marked Powell Point on most maps, has recently changed its name to Cape Eleuthera, after a new six-thousand-acre resort. New roads slice through pine forests and palms to the coastline of rocky cliffs guarding beaches heaped with pink conch shells.

For starters (and finished): a sprawling clubhouse above a golf course that is being readied for play, a top-notch marina, dockmaster facilities and yacht club, and, on a hilltop, a clutch of two dozen villas with guest rooms around a pool. Double rooms for two, now to December 1, including breakfast and dinner, \$55 a day.

Guests whiz about in golf carts; and when two or more people arrive at Rock Sound Airport, instead of driving the fif-

(Continued on page 54)





# Tan. Dior.

Announcing a great new way to add color to a pale skin and a tan to one that's out in the sun. It's new Gel Bronze Gel Makeup from Christian Dior. One of the first bronzing gels

to contain sun-screening tanning filters plus sheer, glowing color. It gives you a safe, glorious tan while you look beautiful. Dior Gel Bronze. To help you go tan, one way or the other.





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## VOGUE TRAVEL

### ***The Bahamas: fast-paced fun in a lazy climate***

(Continued from page 52) teen miles to Cape Eleuthera, they will come by sea. Sail away.

"It's the original waterbed," said a recent guest about Aqua-Villa, a young resort of eighteen houseboats (a pilot for more houseboating to come) moored in a bay on the leeward side of Eleuthera, which means *not* on the Atlantic. With bright chintzes, large windows, each floating villa is air-conditioned, has a double bedroom with bath, a sitting room that turns into a second bedroom, and a pantry for making drinks and breakfast. Fenced in canvas, the top deck is ideal for sunning; the back terrace great for diving into the bay. Maid service, of course.

Schools of very small fish around the houseboat look like moving sea grass. Across a gang-plank on the land, paths shaded by palms lead to a restaurant, tennis courts, beach, and a water-sports center that provides instruction. For two people, \$28 a day for a houseboat, now to December 16. For one houseboat guest, count \$6; for dinner, add \$6 for each person. Aqua-Villa is about a twenty-minute drive from Rock Sound Airport.

In Nassau, the sea-wrapped capital of the Bahamas (on New Providence Island and linked to Paradise Island across the bay), the exploding blooms of poinciana trees signal the opening of the Goombay Summer in June. From now until September 10, evenings boom with action—dancing in the streets, marches played by the starched Royal Bahamas Police Band, folklore performances, parades. Moored in the middle of town, lighted cruise ships increase the glow.

Across on Paradise Island, beside disciplined roads winding through forests, tall casuarina trees filter the blinding glare of sun and glistering sea. Away from everything is a charming pink retreat, the Ocean Club, built around a patio. Cool, delightful rooms and excellent bathrooms. Newest addition: off the bar, an indoor dining room with sun-yellow walls. Perennials: tennis, the span of hard beach with gentle blue rollers,

lunches in swimsuits by the pool against a background of terraced gardens.

Until December 18, double rooms for two with breakfast range from about \$34 to \$45.

On the southwest end of New Providence Island, in the direction of Lyford Cay, a superbly run international enclave, the challenging eighteen-hole South Ocean Golf Club, opened to the public without fanfare. The course is the first finished project of the New Providence Development, a fifty-five-hundred-acre estate that will include a hotel that is opening for Christmas, tennis, a beach club on a three-mile span of sand.

The latest addition to the hotels edging Nassau's well-known Cable Beach—with the pink Emerald Beach Hotel next to the white Nassau Beach Hotel—is the uncluttered, airy Sonesta Beach Hotel. Bang across the road from the Sonesta are riding stables, tennis courts—two for night playing—and golf.

Without leaving the grounds, guests at all three hotels find they are geared for twenty-four-hour activities: water sports, pools, bars, shops, casual and formal restaurants, nightclubs, movies, plus programs for children. Anybody can play. In general, at these hotels ties and jackets are required for men after seven in the evening. Double rooms for two with breakfast and dinner: around \$40 to \$62 until mid-December.

Another new name: Balmoral Hotel is now Halcyon Balmoral. Built around patios with fountains, statues, and gardens, the Halcyon has a gentle Mediterranean manner. Now going on, a revamping by Lady Orr-Lewis, a deft decorator with a special skill for balancing style and comfort in lazy climates. In addition to the hotel's palm-shaded beach, there is a nearby lump of island that is practically all beach, with a bar serving drinks and snacks, plus a launch for shuttling guests to and from.

For two persons, double rooms with breakfast and dinner, from \$50 to \$60 to mid-December. Bahamas bound? ▼





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# VOGUE MONEY

**America's wealthy women: WHO ARE THEY? HOW DO THEY SPEND THEIR MONEY?**

**BY SCOTT BURNS**

**W**ealth, like a desert mirage, is always subjectively near but beyond reach. For the unemployed, employment is wealth. For the employed, it may be owning a home. Or several. Those with average incomes tend to think of wealth in terms of *higher* incomes. But those who have achieved higher incomes, who have discovered that \$50 thousand can disappear as fast as \$15 thousand, know that wealth is more than income. For better or worse, each of us sees wealth from our own peculiar perspective.

Fortunately, the United States Treasury Department takes a concrete view. Possession of assets of \$60 thousand or more entitles the owner to the honorary title of "top wealthholder." Although in the department's most recently published survey it numbers four million, this group is relatively exclusive: less than one person in fifty can qualify.

Some 1.6 million American women are "top wealthholders." Collectively they control \$313 billion. Their debts, some \$21 billion, indicate that the folklore of feminine extravagance and improvidence is just that—folklore—because their male counterparts owe three times as much. Of course, the men have more assets to borrow against... but not *that* much more. Two and one-half million men control \$439 billion in assets. While wealthy men outnumber wealthy women, on the average they have less money: the average wealthy man was worth only \$173 thousand compared to the average wealthy woman's \$196 thousand.

Statistics, however, fail to capture the wealthy woman. We know, for example, that she lives in every state of the Union (except Alaska), but that one-third of her number live in New York and California. We also know that she is probably married (48 percent) or has been (35 percent are widows) and that she is older but not decrepit. Fully 10 percent of the women with \$100 thousand or more are under forty; and 50 percent are under sixty years of age.

Most portrayals of wealth are distinct only by their incredibly sharp relief; the popular press devotes much space to a handful of women who are exquisitely, sublimely rich. Less stellar wealth offers a more mellow experience, not so far beyond the ken of ordinary mortals that it arouses undue attention.

For an elderly Boston woman, wealth allows comfortable afternoons playing bridge at the Women's City Club of Boston, winters in Palm Beach, and summer sojourns to the cool weather of Cape Cod. She dresses well, lives neither modestly nor extravagantly, and feels ambivalent about all those who would like her to buy or to give. In the past, one group of aggressive marketers managed to reach her by choosing names that appeared on *both* the S.S. Pierce and American Horticultural Society mailing lists.

New York attracts wealthy women of all ages and some institutions cater to their particular needs. The Bank of New York, for instance, recreated an entire room exactly from its old building when they built their Fifth Avenue office, so as not to disturb the many investment-counsel clients whose stocks and bonds are managed by the bank. (Significantly, this room is devoted to women; men seldom, if ever, enter.) Young, single, and without the need to earn a living, a wealthy woman in New York is free to make or edit films, dance, act, or indulge in developing (Continued on page 58)

## DON'T LIVE WITH YOUR BULGES!



Those lumps or bulges that look like fat but do not disappear with dieting are probably caused by *cellulite*. These cushions of "fat-gone-wrong" can be found on the thighs, buttocks, abdomen and inside the knees—on 8 out of 10 women, thin or heavy—regardless of age.

Here's how to test for *cellulite*: ripples will form when the skin is squeezed between thumb and index finger. Advanced *cellulite* are doughy dimpled patches of flab.

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The *cellulite*-controlled methods being pioneered in America by Mme. Ronsard are earning quickly the same praise and success they have always had in Europe.

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Just send your check or money-order, and you will receive Mme. Ronsard's 6-point program. It includes a 64-page illustrated booklet, four enlarged picture charts, precise easy-to-read instructions with tips on nutrition, exercise, relaxation and massage techniques.

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## VOGUE MONEY

### Wealth—for a woman—can mean freedom or trouble

(Continued from page 56) craft arts that can never be economic.

A wealthy woman can also be married and live in Dayton, Ohio, where her neighbors wonder what makes her husband's salary go so far. Here, her wealth can be both a delight and a hindrance. Given self-knowledge and a modicum of ego strength for both, the couple can pursue activities that others cannot. But money in the woman's hands challenges the traditional stereotypical sexual roles that money is so often used to reinforce.

And here we find the most troublesome aspect of wealth controlled by women. We seem to be culturally predisposed to questioning the *legitimacy* of such wealth. Popular accounts of wealthy women are quick to point out that the money is *inherited*. The source can be a father or a husband; what is important is that *a man* created it and probably *died* before it became hers. Simplistically stated, women are supposed to make babies and men are supposed to make money. To admit that a woman might do or have both is to create a kind of cultural hermaphrodite.

The fact, of course, is that men are inheritors as often as women. Most *significant* wealth is inherited, not created.

Those accounts that admit that men are also inheritors make light of the fact by emphasizing the good, productive uses they have made of their wealth. J. Paul Getty, for instance, is often cited as the world's richest man and saluted for having turned a mere \$7 million into a billion. What these effusive articles fail to mention is that the same amount invested in the average stock over the same time period would have produced virtually the same results.

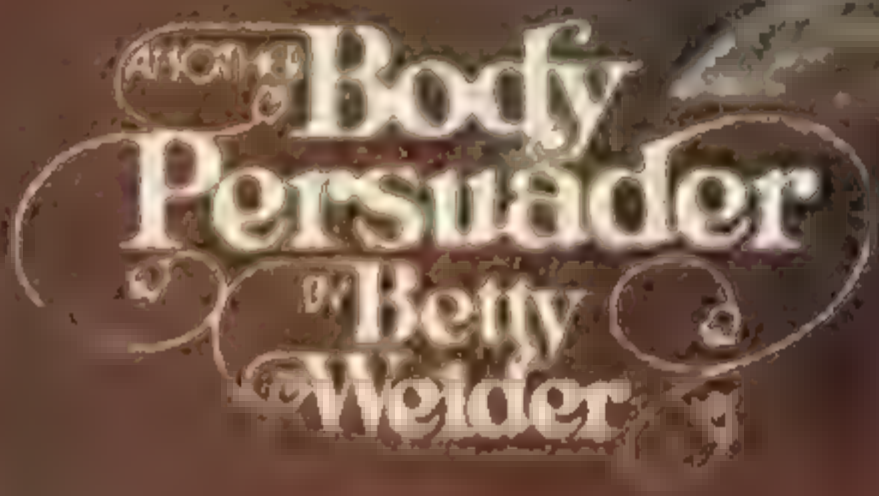
The type of investments wealthy women have (highly liquid stocks and bonds are favored) indicates that they are seldom involved in any kind of partnership with their capital and are predisposed to let others manage their wealth. The righteous and work-bound seem to regard this as irresponsible. Although much of the criticism directed at wealthy women smacks of sour grapes, it stands as evidence that America is still firmly in the grip of the Work Ethic.

Having accumulated a well-glazed cake by effort or the fortuitous selection of forebears, the wealthy are then made to feel guilty for having the leisure to eat. We can read the dimensions of this social pressure in the prevalence of work among those who have no conceivable reason to exert themselves. Ferdinand Lundberg, for instance, in *The Rich and the Super-Rich*, listed forty-two individuals who were "inherited wealthholders" in 1957. Yet only nine identified themselves as "rentiers," i.e., having no income-producing employment. Significantly, all nine were women.

C. Wright Mills, in *The Power Elite*, found that 70 percent of the women he considered "very wealthy" (assets in excess of \$30 million) were rentiers. In my own experience, only women have been able to carry the social burden of rentier status without suffering a crucial loss of self-esteem. The reason is that their position is similar to that of some thirty-five million women who are neither employed nor unemployed but in the anomalous position of being "at home."

All women, then, regardless of wealth, are passengers on the same metaphysical ship faced with the choice of beaching their vessel on the Marketplace and the Work Ethic or steering a new course. The true work of wealthy women may be to make leisure legitimate for themselves and, ultimately, for everyone. Wealthy and affluent women may be our social navigators, but how *all* women cope with the problem of finding roles in American society will determine, more than anything else, whether we become a dreary work state or a society whose diversity and values transcend economics. ▼





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# VOGUE HEALTH

## ***What doctors say:*** AFTER LOVE, TAKE TO THE WATER

BY MELVA WEBER

### ***Cutting down salt:***

Still a matter for moral controversy, abortion is increasingly available; and doctors are making it easier and safer. To make abortion safer when the pregnancy has passed the sixteenth week, gynecology teams are coming up with variations on the method called "salting out" in which a salt solution injected into the uterus brings contractions and abortion within a few hours. In Toronto, Dr. Samuel Librach and Dr. Victor Weinberg are replacing the usual 20 percent saline solution with a 5 percent solution that also contains oxytocin, a hormone that induces uterine contractions. Their method reduces the possibility of cardiovascular shock or problems involving the nerves, blood, or kidneys. In this country, at Yale Medical School, a team of researchers led by Dr. Gerald G. Anderson uses a non-salt solution for injection in late abortions: prostaglandin, F<sub>2</sub>-alpha, a recently discovered body substance that is also used to induce labor in childbirth. In Finland, two Helsinki doctors, Dr. M. Seppälä and Dr. P. Vara, also use prostaglandin and follow it with oxytocin—combining two techniques. Another pair of Canadian doctors, Dr. H. Hugh Allen and Dr. John K. Milne, inject a small dose of 45 percent urea solution into the amniotic space in the uterus. Injection-to-abortion time is longer in this case, about fifty hours; but these doctors find the method gentler and safer than the salt solutions, may cut the time down by adding intravenous oxytocin.

### ***Can sexual intercourse bring on ovulation?***

Lots of "old wives" have said so; and this foolish notion has appeared in textbooks, too. An English physician, Dr. W. M. O. Moore, thinks the idea started with the discovery that in several animal species ovulation does take place after copulation. Research by Dr. J. B. Brown on the influence of coitus on hormone excretions in the human menstrual cycle showed no measurable evidence that sexual stimulation—or the lack of it—did anything to alter the rhythmic pattern.

### ***Disinfect hands not babies***

is the answer of physicians and scientists to the hospital-nursery scare over hexachlorophene. When researchers found that daily whole-body bathing of newborn babies in hexachlorophene solutions might cause brain damage, many hospitals stopped using such baths; and some even stopped using HCP as a handwashing disinfectant for those who handle babies. The result was a series of outbreaks of staphylococcal infections in hospital nurseries. Now, two government agencies—the Food and Drug Administration and the Center for Disease Control—along with special members of the American Academy of Pediatrics have made official recommendations that hospital personnel resume washing hands with hexachlorophene or iodophor to avoid spreading infections. Only indiscriminate or prolonged exposure of infants to hexachlorophene is considered dangerous.

### ***After love, a long drink of water:***

Two to four glasses of plain water for the woman should follow sexual intercourse (after emptying the bladder); this is the advice of Dr. Richards P. Lyon and Dr. Sumner Marshall of Berkeley, California. Women who are susceptible to the discomforts of cystitis (which often appears when bacteria build up about thirty-six hours after intercourse) can ward off the infection, providing there is no abnormality, by literally washing bacteria out of the urinary tract with extra water whenever lovemaking may have made the urethra especially sensitive.

***Aspirin shakes up the blood,*** changing the membranes of minute discs called platelets, which control clotting, so that chemical instructions can't get through to cause the release of energy-making ADP (adenosine diphosphate). Aspirin-infused blood from a single donor could mean trouble for a hemophilic patient, whose blood lacks clotting power; but if bloods are pooled, even 10 percent of aspirin-free blood will solve the problem. If you give blood for transfusions, you might be asked not to take aspirin for a week beforehand. The British medical journal *The Lancet* has urged more research on the effects of aspirin on blood.

***Quick-action vasectomies—***without a months-long wait for the last of the spermatozoa to leave the male genital tract—are within reach. In London, Dr. Ian Craft and Dr. John McQueen have speeded the disappearance of male fertility following vasectomy by irrigating the vas deferens during the operation. Sterile water under gentle pressure is piped through the vas before it is tied. Checked fifteen weeks after their operations, only 6.3 percent of the men who had the water treatment during vasectomy showed positive sperm counts; while more than 25 percent of the men who had standard procedure still had sperm in the semen at that time.





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## **Slender gets dramatic results**

We know. We put dieters, who were at least 20% overweight, on Slender for 3 weeks. The first week, they lost an average of more than 4 pounds. The next two weeks, losses averaged 3½ pounds a week. Many of the dieters said they were not unduly hungry and found Slender "surprisingly filling."

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## **Slender can help you keep your figure, too**

Anytime your clothes start getting a little snug, start thinking Slender. Remember, it's easier to take pounds off a few at a time — the way they come on! So ask your doctor and get started right now. You'll find Slender wears well in your diet. Slender from Carnation, the good tasting food for your figure.



Slender® diet food for weight control. Carnation Company, Los Angeles, California





# VOGUE FOOD

## HOW AMERICA'S INDIAN WOMEN COOK

Yeffe Kimball explains some traditional dishes

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

Good American food—it all started with the Indians. Yeffe Kimball—who had an English mother but identifies completely with her father's people, the Osage in Oklahoma—told me how. Twitching her Indian-style pigtails, Yeffe, a painter and wife of the atomic scientist Dr. Harvey L. Slatin, explained the way in which many dishes resoundingly American—Boston baked beans, succotash—were cooked by Indian women in five major tribal regions described in the book she wrote with Jean Anderson, *The Art of American Indian Cooking* (Doubleday and an Avon paperback), and illustrated with her own drawings.

When Yeffe's art studies took her from New York to Fernand Léger's Paris atelier in the late 'thirties, the artist-designer Erté made her two Art Deco Indian dresses—one white suède with turquoise beadings; the other, *pavé* mirrors with a small train. Yeffe's Indian-influenced paintings include "space" paintings, some of them commissioned by NASA: circular acrylics looking like shields made from disks of sky for powerful, peaceful warriors.

A sophisticated scholar of Indian affairs, Yeffe has collected recipes from every region and tribe, cooks them in the kitchen of her Cape Cod studio (*above*). Here, a few of her findings:

### SOUTH

Indian planters in the South made the first succotash, corn pone, some of the earliest hominy and grits. Shrimp-and-okra stew was a favorite, and the Seminoles in Florida cooked fish this way:

#### POMPANO WITH GRAPES, four servings

4 1-pound pompanos, cleaned  
1 pound grapes  
(scuppernong, muscadine)  
washed and seeded  
2 tablespoons butter; salt and pepper

Stuff each fish with a lump of butter and 4 grapes, arrange on a large sheet of heavy aluminum foil and top each with more butter and grapes. Cover with another sheet of foil; fold edges to seal. Bake 30 minutes at 400°; loosen cover, season, baste with drippings. Reseal; bake 15 minutes. Baste before serving.

### SOUTHWEST

The Indian gardeners and gatherers in the Southwest specialize in stews. This ancestor of a Southwestern standby comes from the Zuñi tribe, for whom *hominy*, their word for "corn without skin," is a staple:

#### GREEN CHILI STEW, twelve servings

3 pounds boned lamb, cubed; flour  
2 tablespoons cooking oil  
¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper  
6 dried juniper berries, crushed  
2 yellow onions, peeled and chopped  
5 ½ cups canned pearl hominy with liquid  
1 medium dried hot red chili pepper, crushed  
2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed  
2 teaspoons dried oregano; 1 tablespoon salt  
½ cup chopped fresh parsley  
6 green peppers, quartered (use some seeds)

Dust lamb with flour; brown in oil in heavy pot. Stir in pepper and juniper. Remove meat to drain. Sauté onions in same pot until golden; return meat. Add remaining ingredients and 1 quart water; cover, simmer 1½ hours, stir occasionally.

### NORTHWEST

In the Pacific Northwest, the Indian fishermen's staple food is the salmon; salmon caviar is sun-dried to a jam and spread on bread. These Indian women wrap fruits in dough before frying them:

#### CRANBERRY FRITTERS, about nine dozen

1 cup fresh cranberries, washed, well drained  
3 cups flour; 1 ¼ cups sugar  
2 tablespoons baking powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk  
3 cups oil or shortening

Sift dry ingredients together; stir in milk slowly to make a stiff dough. Using floured hands roll about 1 teaspoon dough into a ball around each cranberry. Fry in deep fat at 375°, turning until golden brown. Drain on paper toweling.

### CENTRAL PLAINS

The Indian hunters of the plains serve their venison and rabbit in thick stews with wild rice or dumplings, use wild rice to stuff game birds, too.

#### STUFFED GAME BIRDS, six servings

6 frozen Rock Cornish game hens, thawed  
Salt and pepper; butter  
1 cup wild rice, washed in cold water  
4 slices bacon, cut in julienne strips  
5 scallions, peeled and sliced (include tops)  
½ pound mushrooms, wiped and sliced  
1 cup raw hazelnuts, halved  
Game-hen giblets, chopped

Season birds inside and out. Combine rice with 2½ cups cold water and 1 teaspoon salt; bring slowly to a boil; simmer until water is absorbed. Brown bacon; add 1 tablespoon butter and remaining ingredients; sauté, stirring, about 10 minutes. Mix with rice. Stuff birds with rice mixture; truss; rub each with 1 tablespoon butter. Arrange breast up on rack in open pan. Roast at 350°, basting frequently (add butter as needed), about 2 to 2½ hours.

### EAST


New England's classic dishes came from Indians who first made baked beans, pumpkin soup, cranberry pudding and invented the clambake, clam chowder, codfish balls. Even Boston brown bread began this way:

#### INDIAN BREAD, ten servings

3 cups flour; 1 ¾ cups cornmeal  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
2 teaspoons salt; ¼ teaspoon nutmeg  
3 ½ cups milk; 1 cup molasses  
Butter or shortening

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine milk and molasses; add to dry ingredients and beat until smooth. Pour into well-greased 2-quart mold, cover tightly; steam 3 hours. Let stand 20 minutes; remove cover; let stand 10 minutes longer. Loosen pudding with spatula; invert on plate; let stand until pudding unmolds. Slice, and serve with lots of butter.





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formula 405 is much more than a fair weather friend. This rich night cream contains deep-acting, hydrophilic\* elements which the epidermis absorbs. Consequently, the retained moisture "fills out" the many lines and wrinkles caused by moisture deficiency while natural oils nurture and soften the skin. formula 405 contains no hormones and is hypo-allergenic.

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# VOGUE HOROSCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



**PEARL BUCK** was born June 26, 1892, when the Sun was in Cancer, the sign of cosmic parenthood; joined there also were Mercury—the writers' planet—and social Venus. Cancer also rules the traditional China. Pearl Buck's home for nearly half of her life and source of many writings. The novelist's great love of children is clear: her sign rules babyhood; and her ruler, the Moon, was in Leo (youth) close to Venus (love). On her chart, Jupiter, the planet of philosophical judgments, is in Aries (pioneer sign); this is her highest planet and is in the tenth house of the public, showing her desire to circulate her views in our country—also ruled by Cancer.

FROM JUNE 1 THROUGH JUNE 30

**ARIES**, March 21–April 19. Your ruler, Mars, represents reality; you are concerned with precipitate events. Now your ruler is in Cancer, the sign of our country, stimulating all Americans. The new moon will heighten the excitement. If a change is needed, accept a new program now while Uranus (advancement) is in Libra (new associates). At full moon, you can demand and get your way in a showdown.

**TAURUS**, April 20–May 20. Taurians feel the need to identify through immediate values: social position, possessions. Venus, your ruler, in Cancer the first week may incline you to entertain extravagantly at home. At the new moon, get written guarantees in negotiating a new venture with a new partner. At full moon, Mars and Mercury will be in your money house; then you can earn two extra incomes.

**GEMINI**, May 21–June 20. Your constant need to communicate in even temporary relationships may waste your energies. Instead, use them in promoting practical ideas during the first week. At new moon, reap the results of your selling effort; financial returns should be good if you stand firm. After a lazy week with your ruler in a Water sign, at the full moon a resurgence of energy forces you to complete a project.

**CANCER**, June 21–July 22. Home life reinforces your sense of health and security, protects your privacy. Now Mars (the energy planet) in your sign disturbs your tranquility. Not until the new moon can you make demands that will restore your inner peace; but Mars's stimulation will bring a new interest, inciting you to communicate with others and to accomplish more than is usual as you approach the full moon.

**LEO**, July 23–August 22. As Leo is the most extroverted of the outgoing Fire signs (Leo rules the theater), you find pleasure in courting all to give and to get love. With your ruler, the Sun, now in Gemini and with Saturn and Mercury joined, a return to past associates may bring (Continued on page 66)

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

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# Feminine Sprays vs. Norforms

(Or, a spray a day can't keep internal odor away!)

**7:36**

Before dressing for work, you use a feminine spray. That takes care of odor...you hope!

**7:36**

Today, you try Norforms.<sup>®</sup> The Internal Deodorant. It contains no hexachlorophene.

**8:22**

You're running late. Oh, oh... what's that unclean feeling? You don't feel so fresh any more.

**8:22**

Feeling fresh. Unlike sprays, Norforms work inside to stop internal odor where it starts.

**9:14**

Look at that clock! You can't believe it. Could feminine odor be starting so soon?

**9:14**

Just one Norforms can stop odor up to 10 full hours. They're safely, easily inserted, too.

**11:07**

Work and worry. You begin to suspect sprays may stop external odor but not the odor that starts internally.

**11:07**

Doctor-tested Norforms will keep you feeling fresh and worry-free for hours and hours...

**12:01**

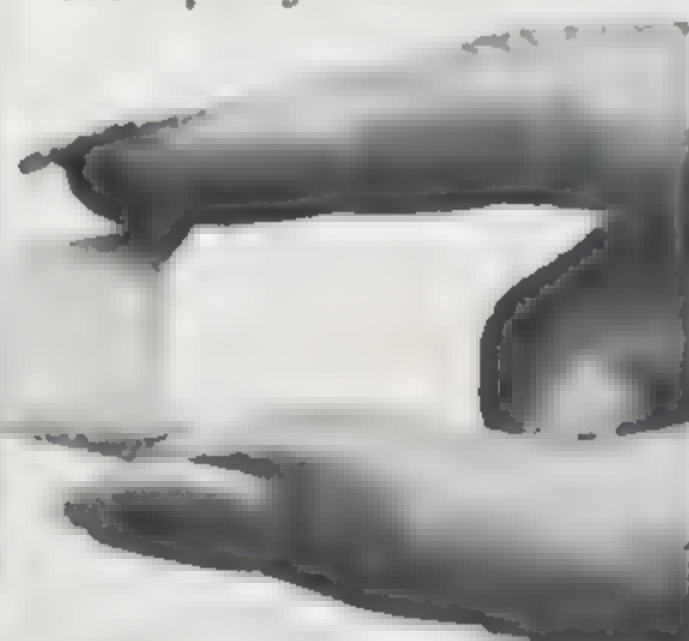
Bad news and new worry. You just heard your spray may have hexachlorophene.

**12:03**

Put the spray away. Now... where can I buy Norforms?



Stops internal odor  
no spray can reach!



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Norwich Products Division, The Norwich Pharmacal Co.

## VOGUE HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 64) what you seek: a revival of past attainments—if you are willing to assume serious responsibilities. At full moon, you will find a new idea to love.

**VIRGO**, August 23–September 22. Virgoans choose a form of service that allows them to wield authority. If your efforts are unsuccessful and you cannot perfect your goal, adjustment becomes a way of life. Your ruler, Mercury, in Gemini has Saturn for a companion, showing important and difficult decisions. Uranus in Libra is harmonious and can relieve you the second week. After the new moon, retire to private interests.

**LIBRA**, September 23–October 22. Librans are quick to establish relationships with others, in order to re-endorse their own sense of the self. Venus, your ruler, in Cancer could make you feel homebound; but Jupiter square to your sign forces you out into serious programs with important new partners after the new moon. When Venus moves into Gemini, you will air your views and, as the full moon approaches, be heard.

**SCORPIO**, October 23–November 21. For Scorpios, conforming to others rankles; they like to deal with social challenges that allow for outreach, limitless power. With your ruler, Mars, in Cancer through the month, you will soften into a mood of sympathy and can devote your energies to working with people. Mercury, companion to your ruler, may make you a persuasive talker, drawing those in power to your views.

**SAGITTARIUS**, November 22–December 21. Sagittarians' search for understanding leads them to a personal faith, which they constantly test to develop their religious or philosophical goals. Your ruler, Jupiter, in Capricorn and activated by Mars in the opposite sign, in Cancer, challenges your beliefs and judgment. Tact and caution are needed to avoid extravagance and mistaken opinions. Avoid signing documents.

**CAPRICORN**, December 22–January 20. Capricornians cultivate a high standard of personal integrity, because of their desire to be in positions of authority. Your ruler, Saturn, with Mercury and the Sun as companions in Gemini should help you to consolidate your ideas. Later, when Saturn is in trine with Uranus, moves can be made according to this plan. The last week, opportunity may come from an unexpected source.

**AQUARIUS**, January 21–February 19. The unpredictability of Aquarians comes from their discontent, their refusal to accept things the way they are. Adjustment means defeat in your view. Your ruler, Uranus, remains in Libra; Aquarians will be deeply involved in reforms in our country's law courts. At the end of the month, Uranus comes into trine (best aspect) to Saturn (government), making an auspicious time for you.

**PISCES**, February 20–March 20. As Pisces rules the twelfth house (secrets), Pisceans seek subjective reflection; they use isolation to resolve the self-doubts that the outer world provokes. With your ruler, Neptune, in Fire Sagittarius and with Jupiter harmonious to you, optimism and new enthusiasm will help to focus your efforts. Press forward after the new moon; at full moon your choice will be resolved.



# "I have varicose veins."

But nobody knows it.

Nobody knows it, since I started using Recover<sup>®</sup> Cover-Up Leg Cream. Recover hides blue vein discolorations, blotches and blemishes. Instantly. Completely. And evenly. Recover comes in 3 shades to blend with every skin tone, so it doesn't look painted or artificial. And it doesn't streak or rub off on my clothes. It's great for the beach because it's waterproof. If you have varicose veins, don't cover your legs! Recover them."

Also try Recover Facial Cover-Up Cream. Hides discolorations, blemishes and marks on the face and neck that even make-up can't cover. At drug and cosmetic counters.

Unretouched photo.





# VOGUE LIVING



DAVID MASSEY

## ONE BUSY WOMAN'S KNOW- HOW

A young American beauty on the go, Mrs. Roger Lapham commutes between a house in San Francisco, an apartment in New York, and the four corners of the earth. Head of De Clara Imports and Interiors, 3225 Jackson St., San Francisco, she brings to decorating the zest of jet-propelled living, finds time to entertain superbly, to gather modern art, to help talented young people, to be exquisitely turned out and ready to jet off with her husband anywhere. Here, some of her choices for the now life-style.

**1. CUBE TABLES AND FLOOR CUSHIONS:** Plexiglas cubes in wonderful colors by sofas, chairs, some with an open side and shelves to store floor cushions for extra seating. These, covered in French leopard-print velvet from Brunschwig et Fils, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C.\* The brushed-steel cube shown, with pull-out slides for dining, was designed by Gabriella Crespi. To order, Via Borgospesso 17, Milan, Italy. **2. ORIENTAL ANTIQUES:** Fine old Oriental porcelains, sculpture, and screens as accents add color, a sense of peace, and "turn the circle." Here, Phyllis Lapham considers two white marble horse heads, Chinese T'ang Dynasty, from statues lining the entry to a royal tomb. Ralph M. Chait, 12 E. 56th St., N.Y.C. **3. COLLAGE-LIKE PATTERN:** Walls and doors padded in fabric in boldly mixed pattern. This grisaille

print, Arabesque, designed by Alan Alpert from Matisse collages using his techniques, is from a collection of polished cottons, 48" wide, \$13.90 yd., at Kirk-Brummel, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C.\*

**4. SHINY LACQUER WALLS:** The Laphams' New York living room is lacquered dark brown to compensate for its lack of scale and architectural detail; mute the blaze of light from a glass wall. Vertical Venetian blinds in matching vinyl, to order, Al Burkhardt, 304 E. 62nd St., N.Y.C. Italian steel Mark 25 chairs, white duck slings, \$54.99 ea. Bon Marché, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Bronze Plexiglas cube between them, \$188, Albrizzi, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C.\* **5. MODULAR FOAM SEATING:** Mrs. Lapham is anti-frills, likes apostrophe-shaped foam sofas put together to change the box shape of the room, covers them crisply in white wool. Their curve is repeated in an old Japanese screen found at G.T. Marsh, 522 Sutter St., San Francisco. The cinnabar woven straw trunk table, to order, Karl Springer, 306 E. 61st St., N.Y.C.\* A white plastic wheeled-cylinder table-bar swings to open. Scandiart, 2 rue de Fürstenberg, Paris, France. **6. NEW PALE FURNITURE:** The California architect Frank Gehry molds lightweight suède soft furniture by laminating layers of corrugated fiberboard. Left, his Wiggle Base Lounge Chair. This revolutionary furniture is now at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.

\*THROUGH DECORATORS



# We can't tell you who she is... But we can tell you she uses the Piz Buin suntan system.

For years, Piz Buin has been Europe's largest selling system of deep tanning products.

The simple truth is that no other suntan products have been formulated with more single-minded devotion to luxurious skin care and protection... while promoting deeper, faster, longer lasting tanning.

For example, Piz Buin recognizes not only that skin needs are different from person to person, but that the same person's skin needs can change from the critical first days of the season, through the sun-filled weeks that follow.

You also have different needs for different parts of your body.

—and very personal preferences in touch, texture, and scent.

It's easy to find the exact Piz Buin suntan preparation for your particular skin, and your personal preferences, using this guide:

**EXCLUSIV SUNTAN LIQUID CREAM** A rich, delightful cream formulated with deep moisturizers that quickly penetrate surface layers and help protect against drying and peeling due to excessive exposure to sun and wind. Non-oily and non-greasy. Keeps your skin soft and smooth while you tan quickly and deeply. Use lavishly all over your body.

**EXCLUSIV SUNTAN CREAM** Same formulation as above, except a bit more concentrated, for application from a convenient tube. A fingertip dab spreads evenly and smoothly on face, neck, or any part of the body. Absorbs instantly with no oily residue. Use sparingly. A little goes a long way.

**EXCLUSIV EXTREM SUNTAN CREAM** A blessing for redheads and others with very fair complexions, with 50% more high quality protective agents that help you control beautiful tanning on any part of your body.

Also perfect for any skin type seeking extra protection for a long day in the sun.

**EXCLUSIV SUNTAN OIL** An amazingly light, refreshing blend of precious oils that absorb readily into the skin, countering the drying effects of sun and winds, while speeding a deep, rich tan.

**EXCLUSIV SUNTAN SPRAY** Same formulation as the oil above, merely packaged as an aerosol for sun worshipers who prefer push-button convenience.

**EXCLUSIV SUNTAN LOTION (CLEAR)** This clear, colorless, ultra-light lotion is a favorite with people whose skin already has plenty of natural oil. Helps provide sunburn protection, tanning enhancement, and an especially delightful, refreshing feel as you splash it on and smooth it over your skin.

**EXCLUSIV LIP CARE STICK** Invisible on lips and skin, this formulation does more than protect lips from chapping. Its extremely effective sunburn protection recommends it for lifeguards' noses... or wherever chronic overexposure or sensitivity threatens your tan.

**Piz Buin**  
(Say "Pete's Bween")



Gets The Best Of The Sun





Catherine Deneuve for Chanel

Perfume from 8.50, Eau de Cologne from 4.00.



# VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

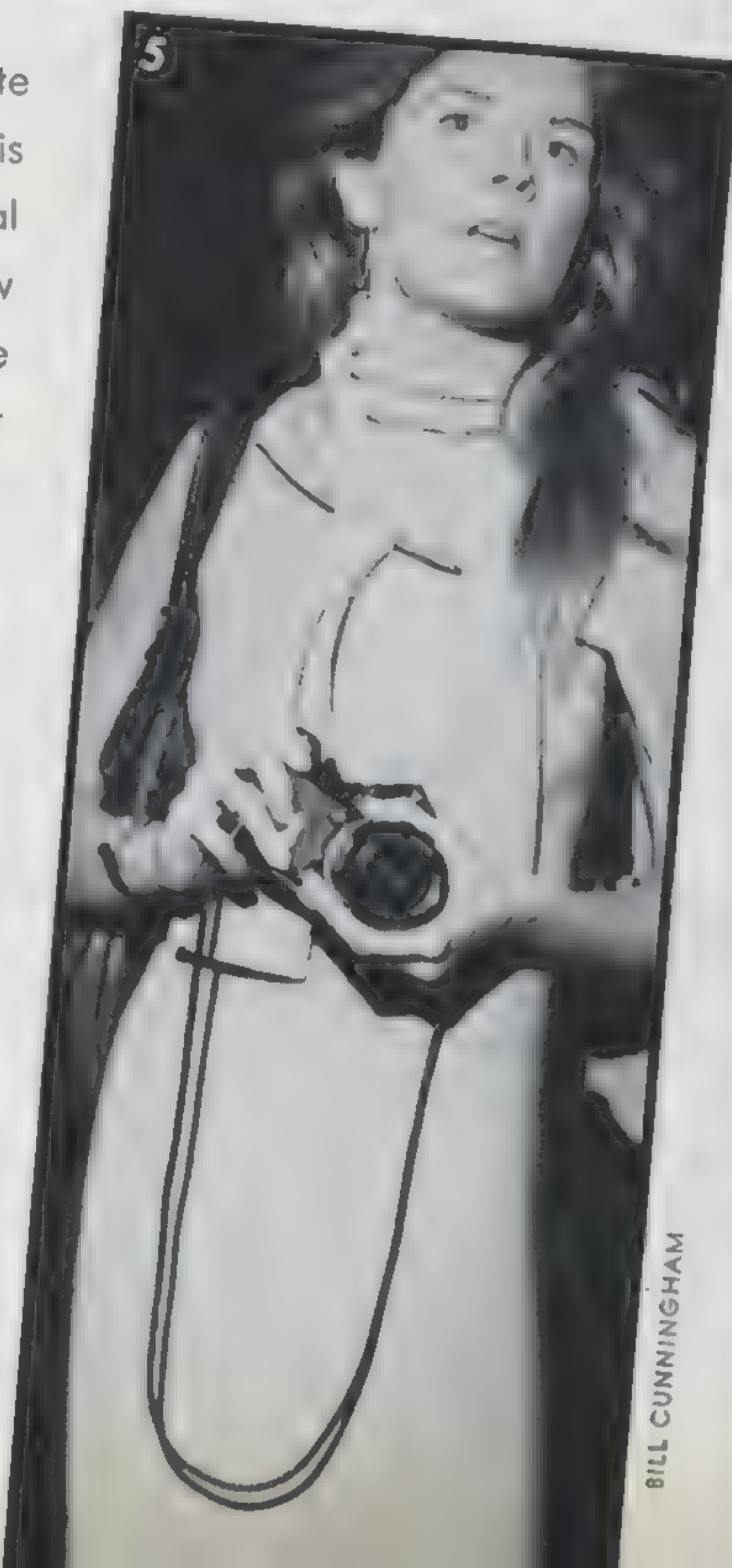
## WHAT THEY'RE WEARING AT NIGHT

Everyone knows what Rona wears at night. She's right there on your TV screen—Rona Barrett, the feisty, petite (5 feet, 1 inch) digger-upper and deliverer of scoops, gossip, and sometimes innuendos and dirt about the movie industry, is the reporter that brought the movie magazine to TV. Five nights a week, at some point in the Metro-media news broadcasts in fifty or more big cities, on comes Rona wearing a glamorous evening outfit, her cream-and-caramel colored Lana Turner-y coif fluffed precisely in place, several pairs of false lashes, and lots of makeup to give her a high-cheekbony look. Seemingly not stopping for breath, for three minutes Rona tells all. What she has to say can strike you as funny, fascinating, maybe even foolish. But whatever the case, Rona is a sharp, thorough, first-rate

reporter with no peer in her special area. She is also a glamorous TV-screen personality—a real star. Rona loves clothes, gets everything now from Giorgio's—a very good boutique in Beverly Hills. **1.** Offscreen at home, Rona wears a long Leonard silk jersey print, her Bulgari emerald-ruby-and-diamond chain. **2.** On screen here, Rona in an Anne Klein foulard silk shirt. . . .



**3. A flower** *somewhere—very beautiful the way Naomi Sims looks with a fresh white orchid tied around her wrist. . . .* **4. A fan:** *Veruschka playing peek-a-boo behind one at a big party given in her honor by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo.* **5. The evening sweater set:** *Halston's beige cashmere ankle-length sweater and tied-on cardigan is what actress/reporter/photographer Candice Bergen wears on an evening working assignment. . . .*



BILL CUNNINGHAM

JOHN SHANNON



*Venicelon<sup>TM</sup>  
makes  
every  
other  
wig  
old  
hat*

It's a Seal of Quality exclusively for wigs made of Italian vinyon fiber. The Montedison Group, one of the world's largest fiber producers, owns this exclusive patented process of vinylic hair for wigs—and the Seal which stands for Quality . . . VENICELON.<sup>TM</sup> This Seal is only issued to licensees whose wigs combine Italian flair for fashion and satisfy the American demand for excellence in performance and quality.

Only a chemist could tell the difference between beautiful, healthy human hair and wigs labelled with the VENICELON<sup>TM</sup> certification mark. Montedison's wig fiber is round like human hair, and textured like the finest Italian hair.

A wig labelled VENICELON<sup>TM</sup> is the most carefree one around. Subtle sheen, natural body, fewer fears of frizzing . . . and here's a bonus—the original set of this wig can be changed to stay even through combing—if you want it back . . . just shampoo!

TM—Seal of Quality for wigs meeting approved standards of the Montedison Group

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OF ITALY

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Room 1216, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017



# VOGUE BOUΤTIQUE

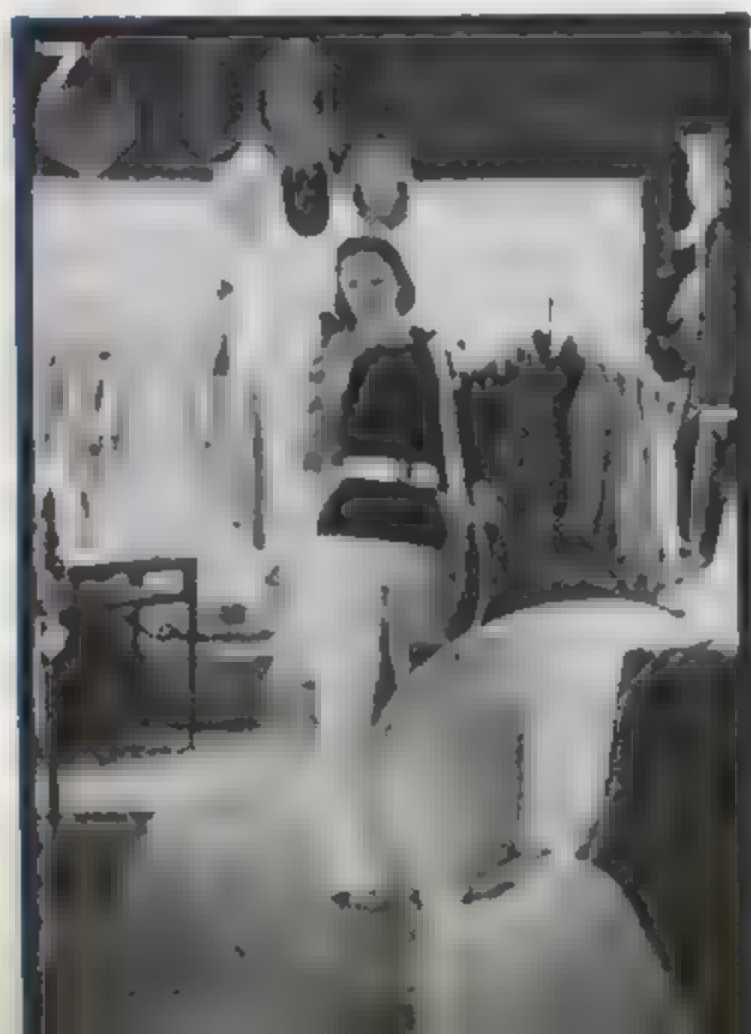
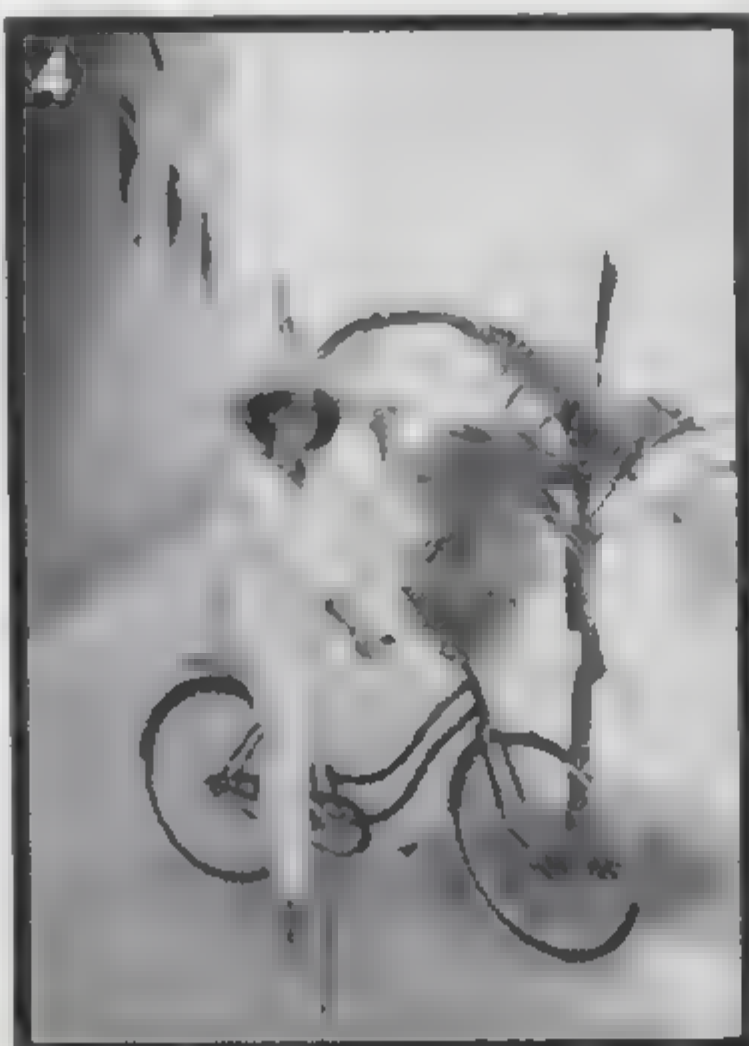
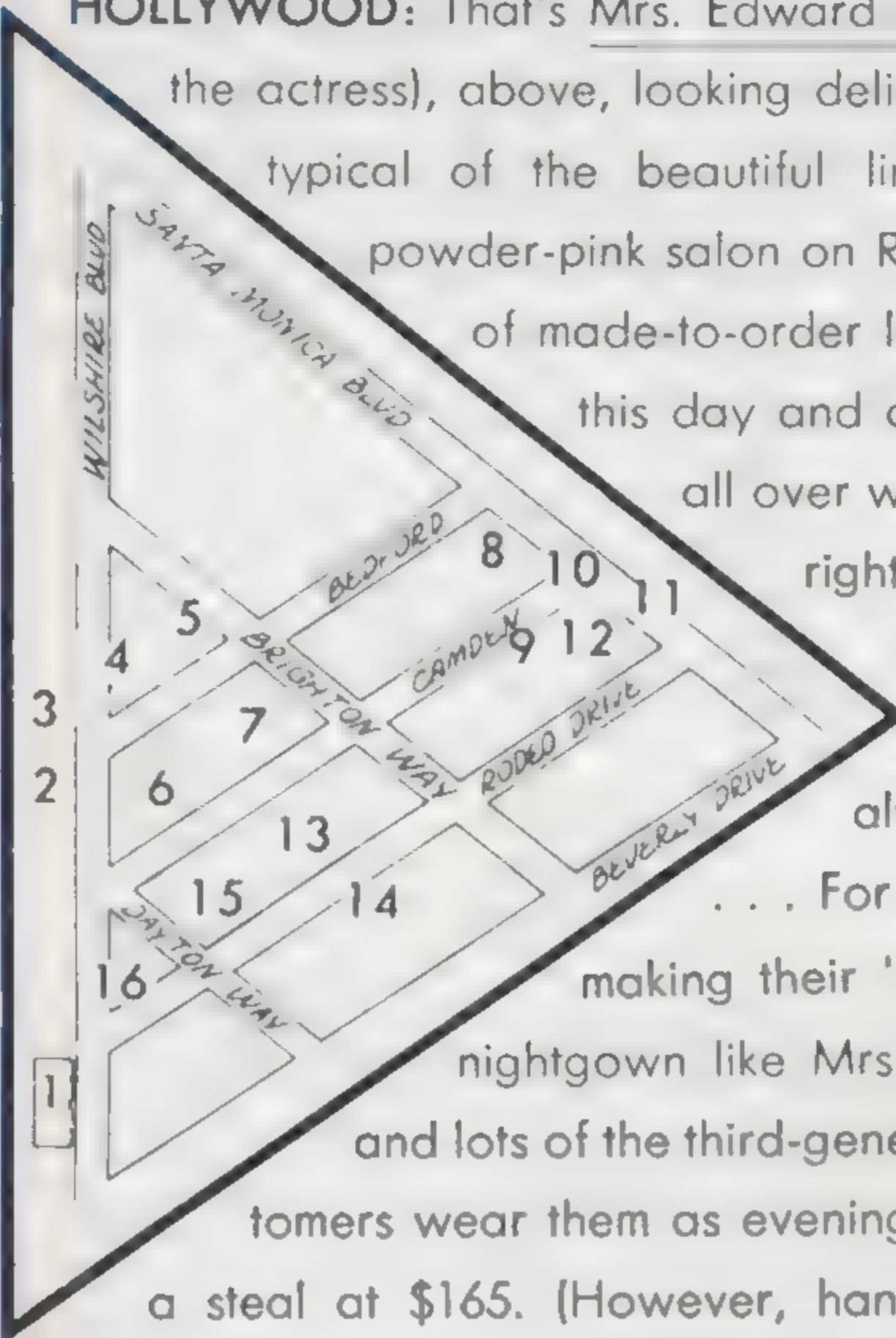
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"I  
WISH  
I  
COULD  
WEAR  
SOMETHING  
LIKE  
THIS  
ALL  
DAY—"



**HOLLYWOOD:** That's Mrs. Edward Lawrence Doheny, IV (Carol Wells, the actress), above, looking delicious in the sinuous satin nightgown typical of the beautiful lingerie from **JUEL PARK**, a face-powder-pink salon on Rodeo Drive, one of the last bastions of made-to-order lingerie—a special bit of business in this day and age, but there are plenty of women all over who know about Juel Park and, at the right moment, they thank heaven it's there. Juel Park made Mrs. Averell Harriman's recent trousseau, has always taken care of Barbara Hutton. . . . For forty-two years the shop has been making their "Jean Harlow" bias-cut satin de lys

nightgown like Mrs. Doheny's, and lots of the third-generation customers wear them as evening dresses—a steal at \$165. (However, handmade silk bikini pants start at \$39.) Juel Park is located in a sort of triangle of excellent-looking—and superb shopping—shops off Wilshire Boulevard. Taking a tour (map, left) with pretty Kitty Hawks, you could start at 1, **TIFFANY'S**, IN THE BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL, then lope up to the Beverly Hills branches of the giant stores—2, **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE** and,




JOHN SHANNON



3, **I. MAGNIN**. Hop across to 4, **JAX**—where Kitty tries on a summer daytime pyjama of tiny flower-printed white batiste—instant sale. On to 5, **THE GENERAL STORE**, to see what designer Capriotti is up to. Sidestep to 6, **CHARLES GALLAY**—filled with Missoni knits and other good things. To 7, **DORSO**, and Kitty decides on one of their classic clean looks—navy sweater, white pants. Now a look in at 8, **THE RAINBOW**, the great boutique for children's things, all proceeds to charity. Across the street to a cluster of good places—9, **THE RIGHT BANK CLOTHING CO.**, the newest shoes, among other things; 10, **SAINT LAURENT RIVE GAUCHE**—self-explanatory; and, 11, **THE STAIRCASE**—things for entertaining, the house—and the West Coast home for Porthault linens. Swing round onto Rodeo Drive to 12, **THEODORE'S**—terrific. Lots of French imports like Sonia Rykiel's little-girl dress of printed batiste that Kitty tries on. Now 13, **GUCCI**—like Gucci anywhere in the world—irresistible luxury. Then Kitty looks in on 14, **JUEL PARK**—orders one of those nightgowns. 15, **RALPH LAUREN-POLO**, is really just for men, but in the back there's a corner with all their excellent women's shirts, skirts, pants. Weary? Not Kitty. Still time for 16, **GIORGIO'S**. Just terrific. Has the best from the best liquid-line contemporary clothes designers in New York. Now. If Kitty just had more time—there are at least a dozen more places she could have visited—not to mention the terrific restaurants like La Scala, The Bistro, or The Daisy.





A black and white advertisement featuring a close-up of a woman's face at the top, showing her mouth and chin. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, garment. A zipper necklace is draped around her neck. The zipper pull is a large, ornate pendant made of diamonds. The zipper teeth are visible, and the chain of the necklace is made of small, round links.

A pendant doing double duty as a dangle  
unzips all your old ideas about where to wear diamonds.  
Today it's anywhere goes.

A diamond is for now.

Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting as low as \$100

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



JUNE 1972

# VOGUE'S POINT OF VIEW

## the American Woman Summer 1972

She's looking great. She feels great. The American woman has a whole new view of herself pioneered out of self-reliance and a "divine discontent" with just making-do as wife/woman, mother, chauffeur, cook, lawn-mower, keeper of family dogs, cats, hamsters...and, always, a knockout. Oh, she can do all that, all right, all right; and if she's smart, she'll con someone else into lending a hand. But what counts is: more and more she's finding the courage and the time to make something her own. To have something independent, not dependent on being a woman—it may be a job, it may not. Whatever it is, it lets her know she's definitely a person. She raises her voice—not stridently, but clearly. She has opinions about the kind of world the world needs right now, and the most interesting men around are listening, just as she listens to them....She's busy, she's informed, and she likes it. Is this woman too good to be true? No....But it's fine to tell her so. As often as possible.





*"I like  
being who  
I am..."* **Gloria  
Cooper**





**O**n the street, in a room full of people, Gloria Cooper stands out. Pretty, yes—but other women are pretty. She has style. Beyond the way she ties a dime-store bandanna or arranges her necklaces—this color against that, that length against this, as though she were working out an assemblage—her presence has an intensity. Her hair is black as a paintbrush, her skin very white, and she is so slender that she seems, as was once said of Bernhardt, always to be in profile. She is opposites pulled together: casual, painstaking; reserved, open; a serious, adult painter—Gloria Vanderbilt—with a child's gift for fantasy, which has given a new turn to her work—her collages have led to a terrifically successful collection for Hallmark of do-it-yourself collage kits, puzzles, charming paper things; and she's done a series of designs for Bloomcraft Fabrics. She is also a funny woman; she does a great take-off on a Mrs. Archie Bunker type suddenly realizing that that nice Mrs. Cooper is really " 'a VANDerbilt!—that one—you know, the RAILroad station? the GRANDfather? the MILLions? She must live like a queen! " "...In fact, Gloria Vanderbilt, her husband Wyatt Cooper, and their two sons—Carter, seven, Anderson, five—live in an unpretentiously luxurious house in New York, and the tenor of their life is simple. Occasionally—though probably less often than you'd expect—the Coopers go out at night. Or friends come to them. Or dinner is just family (Continued)

Beneath a Gloria Vanderbilt collage, the Coopers: Gloria (in the long white crochet she calls her "Anastasia" dress) with Carter, Wyatt with Anderson.... The dress, with sailor collar and tie, by Adolfo, \$325. At Saks Fifth Avenue.





"This is where I am most at home, most myself"—Gloria Vanderbilt at her studio, opposite—"I have a name for how it feels: The Honest Eye of Silent Place. You can be there only when you're alone." Her work clothes—same as the Chinese workers'—indigo cotton Mao suit, \$25; out of China by way of Bloomingdale's.... "Just walking around New York [this page] refuels me—I love it." What she wears is the kind of thing she's most comfortable in, so buys several times over in all different patterns. Navy reversible patchwork wrap skirt (Meadowbank, \$20). At Lord&Taylor.

(Continued) —which includes Mrs. Cooper's sons from her marriage to Leopold Stokowski—Stan, 22 and out in the world, and Christopher, 20, a student at Hampshire College. But in the ordinary way, Mrs. Cooper, who is at her studio all day ("I stay till the light goes"), and her husband, who is working on a musical about Dorothy Parker, hole up in their expansive, room-for-all-purposes bedroom with dinner on trays and the 6 o'clock news. Carter and Anderson drift in; everybody talks, reads ("I adore trashy books"), watches television, goes to bed early. ("The children love to come into bed with us, which was considered a not so hot idea when Stan and Chris were growing up. Now it's all fine and healthy—as it always was and always will be. But —would you believe it?—I had terrible trepidations about seeing *Le Souffle au Coeur*.")...To the young Gloria Vanderbilt, an infant when her father died and still shatteringly young when she was separated from her mother, the affectionate, unremarkable family pattern of her life now will probably never be taken for granted. "I don't care how rich or poor, a child without a parent is forever an orphan. The guilt—I was bad so they left me or each other, or they died—that never really goes away. That sense of loss is always there. No matter how you're loved, there's something about not having that first frame of reference that one gets from a mother or a father—one's own image of oneself, of who you are. You have to get it all from yourself, and it is the most appalling, uphill battle. To arrive at the joy in yourself takes guts, you go through pain—I mean P.A.I.N.—agony. Well, I have. And, yes—at long last, yes!—I like being who I am. I like having my little success, but that's gravy—when I'm working, it is total, concentrated joy, as in making love well. And that my life is constructed so that I can work—that my family is all the way, 200-percent behind me—that's what makes everything possible. My husband understands that I'm compulsive. He understands my work—his criticism always tells me something new about it, he never brings me down. He does more than understand, he gets pleasure out of what I do, which enables me to do more—he sustains me."

**A**sk if she's happy, the answer is yes. Ask if she has what she wants out of life, Gloria Cooper looks at you in a way that suggests—politely—you've asked a silly question. She is, as she says repeatedly, compulsive—a woman who sets goals, reaches them, reaches further. "I want to be in museums. I want to produce enough so that I can have at least one major show a year.... I have got to be the best I can be." When she can't reach directly, she reaches around: she misses desperately not having a daughter; saving that, she is a foster parent to a little girl in Vietnam and is working on plans for an all-girl orphanage in Mexico, which will care for children from all over the world.... With her own children, she is completely relaxed; she loves them well and wisely and with evident pride. "When I see how Stan is with his girl—how easily he shows his love—I feel I've done a good job. I don't mean a lot of silly necking. It's being able to express tenderness and affection with none of that awful shyness—that is always such a lie. Shy people have the biggest egos of all. I know. I've been through it—the stammering stage, the stage when I looked angry all the time, the stage when I couldn't express anything I was feeling—all the stages of seeming to be shy. And none of it was true—there was really the most enormous ego in there just dying to get out." And there stands Gloria Cooper: unshy, saying what she feels, free at last—in a real-life lower-case way, a liberated woman.

—EDITH LOEW GROSS






*"When I'm working, it is  
total, concentrated joy—  
as in making love well"*

*—Gloria Cooper*



*"To arrive at the joy  
in yourself  
takes guts"*

*—Gloria Cooper*




**I**n lilac-and-white separates, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, left—"I go a lot. When I see work that's really good, it inspires me to do more... sometimes I see work that makes me think I'm doing O.K. (Adolfo's lilac crochet skirt, sleeveless cardigan, tank top, shirt, \$375. Saks Fifth Avenue)... Above right, mirror image of "a thing I put together" with a short white jumper and black shirt—and dots, checks, stripes. (Jumper, \$30. At Ulla.)... Below right, Zita Davisson at work on a portrait of the artist with Anderson and Carter.









*"My family is all the way,  
200-percent behind me—  
that's what makes  
everything possible"*

*—Gloria Cooper*





**W**ith Carter and Anderson, *left*—“I love this picture—everyone kind of relating to everyone else even though we’re not actually looking at each other. That’s how it really is.”...She wears her white seersucker caftan (by Ruth Bekker, \$45, at Henri Bendel) with an “assemblage” of five beautiful old necklaces from Spain and Mexico....*At right*, a night on the town with the Wyatt Coopers—she in Adolfo’s two-piece black crochet with dolman sleeves, he in black velvet jacket—“Getting dressed up and going out is fun only because we don’t do it often—it’s good to feel glamorous once in a while, like playing another part. (The dress, with a deep V in back, side slits, \$385.) At Saks Fifth Avenue.







# CONFESSIONS of an AMERICAN WIFE

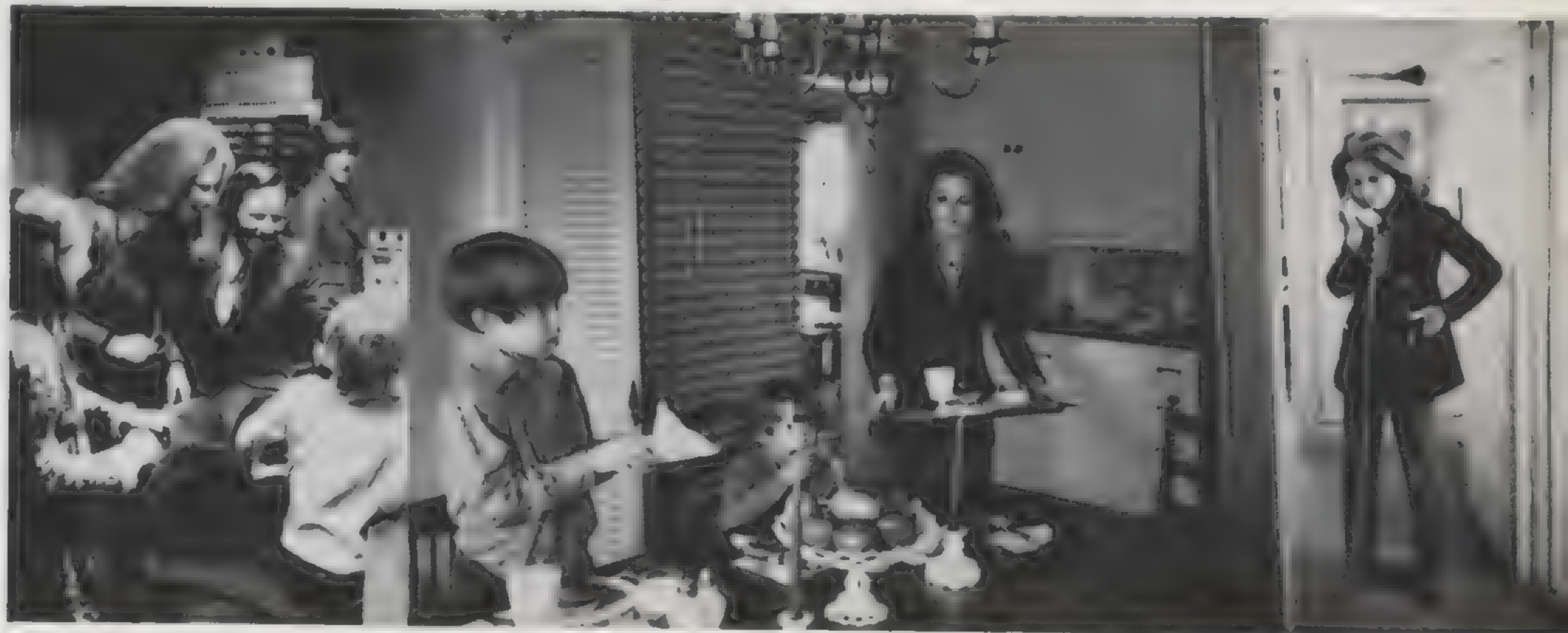
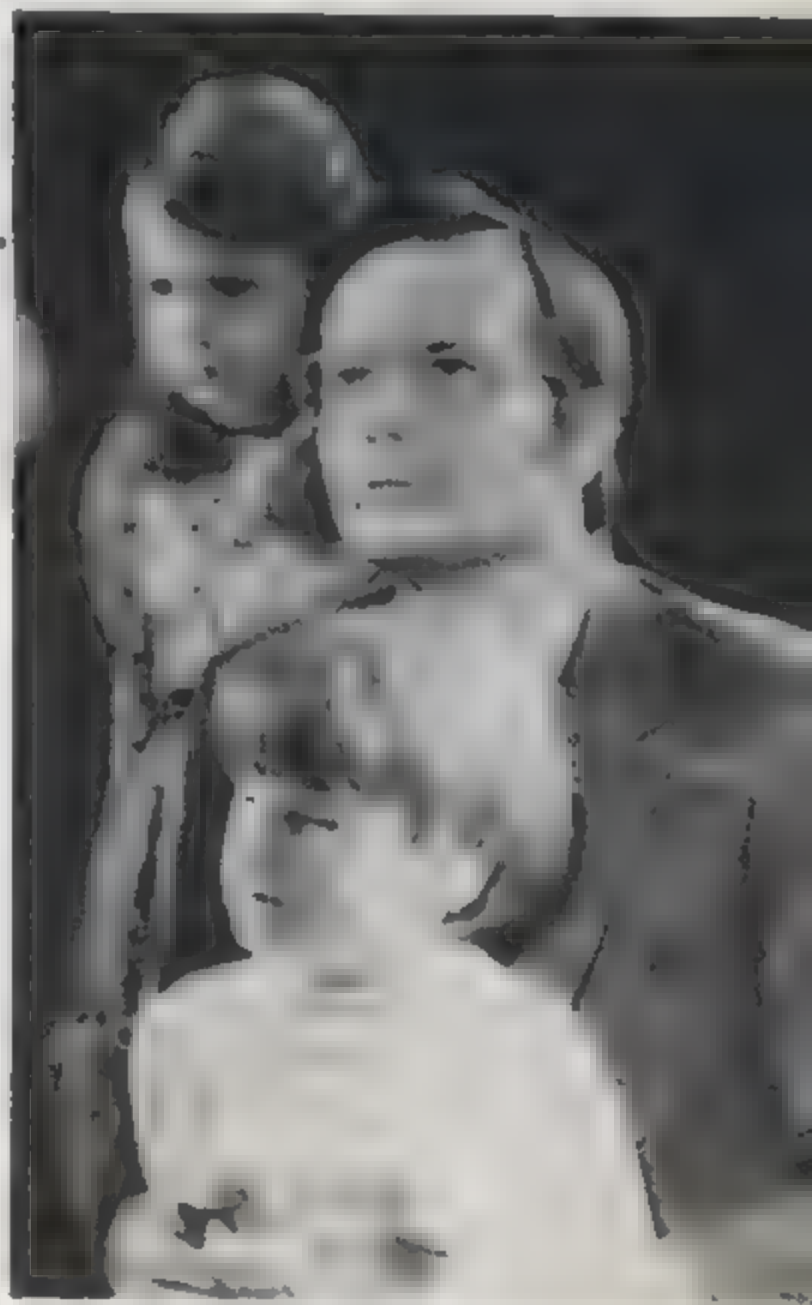
What it's like to be married to Bill Moyers, the writer-publisher-television commentator, to be the mother of three children, and to have a mind of your own

BY JUDITH MOYERS

Someone once told me that if you want a soul-mate you have to expose a rib. So here's mine. . . .

There is an organization in North Carolina that provides custodial care for female juvenile offenders who otherwise would be remanded by the courts to the state training school. This cottage-type institution is known in the area as a "Boys' Town for Girls." I have the feeling that most American women—regardless of location—grew up in a boys' town for girls.

music, sports, school. And we did excel. We were prizewinners, award-getters, valedictorians of our graduating classes. Girls played interscholastic sports in Texas schools in those days. It was not unladylike to be competitive. My only playmates as a little child were two boy cousins; and we had a supremely happy time swinging across the creek on a grapevine, catching fish bare-handed, and jumping out of the second-floor barn loft onto the backs of horses and sheep.



As a child in the Southwest, I don't remember being aware that I was discriminated against as a female. There were no boys in my family and my parents expected my sister and me to excel in everything:

I was taught to drive at twelve and allowed to use the family car at fourteen. I had freedom and considerable responsibility. I was *not* made into a Southern belle. (I did adore to wear a gardenia in my hair!)

**ALL IN HER DAY . . .** Opposite page: Judith Moyers with son John, left, and his friend Chris Spencer at the Moyers house on Long Island. This page, top: Bill D. Moyers with daughter Suzanne, nine, and John, eight. Center, left: At the Manhattan office of WNET/13, Judith Moyers and children visit Mr. Moyers, whose television program *This Week, a news-in-depth report*, takes him everywhere from Ohio to Saigon; middle: Judith Moyers serving school-day lunch; right: scheduling her day.

Teachers expected girls to be better students than boys. Yet, we "smart" girls were expected to be humble about it. A teacher wrote in my yearbook this faint praise: "Best wishes to a girl with the intelligence to conceal it and the charm to reveal it." When an aptitude test showed my strengths in the language arts, spatial perception, mechanical dexterity, and numbers abstractions, my guidance counselor said, "Too bad you're not a boy." I was guided toward the language arts.

(Continued on next page)





# AN AMERICAN WIFE:

"It was possible to be devoted to home, husband, children, and community... yet to feel that something was missing."

(Continued) By mid-teens I had decided to become an occupational therapist. But my father said he thought that was too much like a nurse. I should think of something else—like teaching. *That* was a lady-like, respectable career. I knew I was expected to do well. But by my senior year in high school, I was still unsure of what that meant for a girl. I decided to try for a career in women's journalism. I would major in home economics and minor in journalism. My seventeen-year-old head thought it possible in such a career to be successful without endangering my femininity. After all, I did expect to marry and a degree in home economics would be useful. Unconsciously I had made the great capitulation. Habit,

the University of Texas. After my marriage in my junior year, she said, "Don't register for classes with your husband." I didn't follow her line of reasoning until an economics professor, upon finding out that Bill and I were husband and wife, apologetically noted that had he known we were married he would have thought twice about giving me the A and Bill the B. "I thought you were brother and sister." Is a sister safe, I wondered, but a wife a threat? My husband with his 4-point grade average certainly did not feel threatened, but perhaps the professor did.

Home-economics students had to fulfill all the requirements for a bachelor of science degree that anybody else did. Required chemistry

male colleagues', although we did comparable work, worked the same overtime, and carried equal responsibilities. My legal rights in Texas were questionable. (I could not, for example, sell a piece of property I held title to without the permission of my mate.) But affecting me far more was the attitude acknowledged by almost everything in the environment: the adult female is inferior to the adult male.

As I discovered more of the ambiguities of a *person* playing the roles of "wife," "employee," "citizen," and, at last, "mother," I began to understand the classic meaning of the word "ambiguity." The ancients said "thinking in circles."

So be it. For me as an optimistic, positive young adult—happy with a successful husband, busy first with a career and later with three children—it seemed that the only way to beat ambiguity was to join it. Thinking in circles, I played all the roles to the hilt—accommodating to direction from all sides, a heroine of the hearth. My house was the cleanest; my budget, the most balanced; my children,



tradition, training all said, "This is the role. Play it." Only later did I realize it was a role for only half a person.

A Black friend told me once how he had suddenly discovered what it meant to be Black after he entered the segregated army of World War II. He was straight out of Yale law school and had lived a middle-class experience in a racially compatible Eastern community. Fort Bliss, Texas, was a rude awakening.

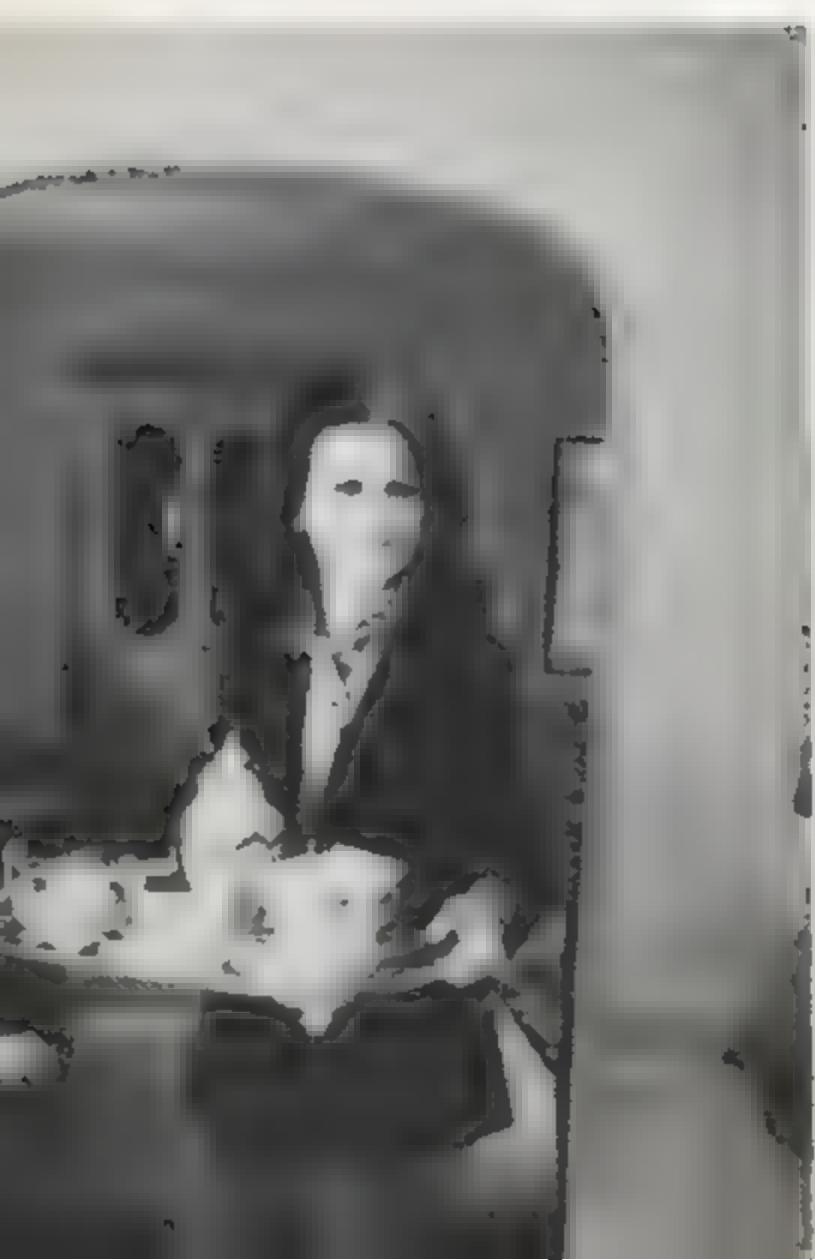
My awareness of the prejudice against my sex came more gradually. Only slowly did I discover that, although I had been nurtured and educated with respect and although I had always felt equal (at least) to males, the society in which I lived did not treat me as an equal.

There was, for example, the advice I got from my faculty adviser at

and biology were the same for us as for the premed students. Some of our major courses were stupid, just as they are in any major. But the courses in nutrition, management, early childhood and adolescent psychology and education, family and community dynamics, among others, were as intellectually stimulating and demanding as any university course. But honors in home economics did not qualify one for Phi Beta Kappa. I wondered if the people who had drawn up those rules included anyone who had ever monitored any of those courses or if it was automatically conceded that courses for potential "housewives" had to be of little value intellectually?

After graduation, I found my career opportunities were limited on the basis of my sex and my husband's plans. My salary was smaller than my

the best developed; my community, the best served; my husband, the happiest; and I, the epitome of modern homemaker. The women's section of the *Washington Post* called my establishment "professionally managed" and *McCall's* used the term "graciously organized." But as in the Greek tragedies, no matter how I played the roles in those command performances, I was unable to please the audience called *self*. Living ambiguously is choosing between pain and dullness. It was possible to be devoted to home, husband, children, and community and to be happily consumed by those commitments, yet to feel that something was missing. Considered a successful woman by any traditional measurement, I felt less than successful as a person. In fact, I began to feel that success in one of those areas precluded success





in the other. The ambiguity of it at first angered me and then rattled me.

I recalled how at twenty I had looked forward to the "self-assurance of thirty." At thirty, I heard myself and my friends saying how dependent we had become on our husbands, how little confidence we had in our abilities to make decisions. One said, "I was so strong and self-sufficient once, ready to do battle with any contingency. But now I have been disarmed. Or perhaps I have just misplaced my shield and sword and someday I'll find them again."

Every influence in my world exhorted me to be supportive of my husband and children and those unfortunates less able than I. Supportive was defined as a giving of self—energy, time, ego. Supportive equals selfless. To be less than self is painful. Both social and religious ethic dictated that I "follow after" my husband. He is an exciting man and I enjoy the reflected glow—and even the sometimes-ricocheting criticism. Yet to be identified always as "the wife of . . ." is stupefying, numbing.

Being described as "his wife who



has a pink-and-white ice-cream complexion" (*Vogue*) or as the wife who "understands the importance of his work" (*Life*) or as the wife who "wore a Kasper creation" (*WWD*) is insulting to a (Continued on page 150)

#### OUT AND INSIDE INTERESTS . . .

Right: Judith Moyers in a consoling chat with daughter Suzanne. Opposite, center, left to right: Mrs. Moyers, a trustee of the Educational Products Information Exchange Institute, a consumers' union, meets with its director, Mr. P. Kenneth Komoski; readies for a party; barbers son Cope (thirteen), John, and his friend Chris; chairs a committee meeting (and serves coffee, lower left); walks with executive committee members of The National Conference of Christians and Jews (she is on the Board); comparison-shops the supermarket.









# your NEW self-image

One of America's leading clergymen and his wife look at the false boundaries between men and women and the deeper importance of marriage

BY WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN, JR.

In the Bible there are two Creation stories. In the first we read, "Male and female created He them." Adam and Eve are created simultaneously, both in the image of God; and both are given dominion over the earth. Then we read, "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good."

Isn't that a beautiful account? Why doesn't that myth inform the relationship between man and woman? Why for centuries have men and so many women preferred the second account—the story of Adam and Eve—with its image of woman as derivative and weak, powerful only in her ability to seduce man; the image of woman as temptress—*cherchez la femme*—whose sin ushers evil into the world and who upon ejection from Eden is made subject to Adam, docile before his sexual and other drives?

The persistence and perniciousness of the myth of male supremacy is illustrated by the fact that today both the pious and the libertine hold the same low view of woman. Is a helpmate that different from a playmate? Perhaps then it is no accident of history that Hugh Hefner is born of pious Methodist parents!

As always, anxiety is at the root of corruption. Human beings are inevitably anxious; because while a rose is a rose, and a skylark's a skylark—Mr. Shelley notwithstanding—we don't know who we are. We are the only creatures who come into the world whom the world does not explain. With its usual rich imagery, the Bible says we are a little lower than the angels. We are animals plus a spirit, or spirits with an animal nature. But that description is very indefinite. Hence, to have an identity problem is part of what it means to be a human being.

Early in Western civilization men decided that to be male meant not only to have physical strength but also to have intellectual and spiritual power. Men decided that the male role was to make war and money, to govern the political and religious institutions of society, and to control most of the professions. In other words, men established the values by which they would succeed and then saw to it that these values reaped the greatest rewards.

## The William Sloane Coffins:

*an extraordinary couple who share a big old house with four of their five children in New Haven, Connecticut, and a ministry to Yale University's nearly nine thousand students. Harriet Coffin is a writer with a generous hand for campus strays: "Their eyes always win my heart."*

*William Sloane Coffin, Jr., is not only the university's Chaplain but priest to a generation, a fierce, early opponent to the war, a man of peace.*

But while this hierarchy of values made men feel superior to women, it hardly allayed their anxiety about themselves. In this setup, a boy did not become a man as naturally as a girl became a woman. A boy had to prove himself, perform, pass tests, initiation rites. Then, too, power and strength are not accidentally but essentially competitive; for someone to succeed someone else has to fail. And finally, and ironically, the more a man succeeds the greater becomes his anxiety as he senses his greater exposure to the jealous attacks of others. This continuing relationship of anxiety to power was beautifully captured by Michelangelo, as almost all of his powerful figures betray the telltale sign of anxiety—dilated eyes.

Why did women agree to this hierarchy of values? Perhaps because might makes right or because they liked their greater security; or because it is difficult to shake invisible chains, and because it's even more difficult to say "I have met the enemy and he loves me." Because men wanted women as women, it was easy for women to fool themselves into believing they were wanted as fellow human beings. (Nothing like a little moist sentimentality to gloss over a fundamental inequality.) There must have been countless reasons, but they are not our chief concern here.

Our primary concern here is the power that the myth of male supremacy exercises over both men and women. This power derives from the fact that the myth has become a complex, that is, a self-ordering pattern of thought, a self-ordering pattern of behavior. When a person has a complex, he will believe true what he so wants to believe true. Seeing is not believing; believing is seeing. A man with a complex kids himself that his will is autonomous. His mind simply mirrors the structure of his will and does the bidding of his will. Then all new knowledge becomes only another facet of an already formed stone, another filing that drops into the already established magnetic field.

That male supremacy is a superiority complex becomes breathtakingly clear when one studies the history of scientific proofs of the inferiority of women. From Aristotle to Freud, every comparative morphology between male and female turns into a misogyny of an inferior female body. These scientific proofs prove only the fantasies of the scientists who believed them.

The complex is also apparent in the history of theology, right up to the present day. The modern era, characterized as it is by the rise of capitalism and imperialism, the triumph of science and technology, is a masculine era par excellence. So theology has regularly equated sin with pride, will to power, exploitation, self-assertiveness. But, as one woman theologian has pointed out, the specifically "feminine" forms of sin have a quality which cannot be encompassed by such terms as pride and will to power. (Continued on next page)



# your NEW self-image

(Continued) They are better suggested by such items as triviality, distractibility and diffuseness, sentimentality, gossipy sociability, and mistrust of reason; in short, underdevelopment or negation of the self.

And finally we see the complex at work in the ready equation people today make between the normal and the rational. It is normal but not rational for women to do almost all of the housework while men take the jobs outside the house. Yet if a woman shows little taste for cooking, it is almost as if she had no breasts; just as a man with no drive for power or money is considered to have no testicles. The expression "She has a mind like a man's" tells a woman that to have intelligence is almost like having a mustache; whereas a man who shows his tears is considered "soft as a woman."

The British writer Brigid Brophy is right; the complex has power because it is rooted in our anxiety over our sexuality: "Just as the sexual regions are the most vulnerable part of the body, sexuality is the most vulnerable part of the ego. Tell a man that he is not a real man, or a woman

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**HE SAYS: "Women are playing a game for which men made the rules."**

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that she is not 100 percent woman, and you are threatening both with not being attractive to the opposite sex. No one can bear not to be attractive to the opposite sex."

So what does all this add up to? Here is one version, from the opening passage of *Masculine/Feminine*, edited by Betty and Theodore Roszak:

*He is playing masculine. She is playing feminine.*

*He is playing masculine because she is playing feminine. She is playing feminine because he is playing masculine.*

*He is playing the kind of man that she thinks the kind of woman she is playing ought to admire. She is playing the kind of woman that he thinks the kind of man he is playing ought to desire.*

*If he were not playing masculine, he might well be more feminine than she is—except when she is playing very feminine. If she were not playing feminine, she might well be more masculine than he is—except when he is playing very masculine.*

*So he plays harder. And she plays . . . softer.*

*He wants to make sure that she could never be more masculine than he. She wants to make sure that he could never be more feminine than she. He therefore seeks to destroy the femininity in himself. She therefore seeks to destroy the masculinity in herself.*

*She is supposed to admire him for the masculinity in him that she fears in herself. He is supposed to desire her for the femininity in her that he despises in himself.*

*He desires her for her femininity which is his femininity, but which he can never lay claim to. She admires him for his masculinity which is her masculinity, but which she can never lay claim to. Since he may only love his own femininity in her, he envies her her femininity. Since she may only love her own masculinity in him, she envies him his masculinity.*



## Harriet and William Sloane Coffin, Jr.

*The envy poisons their love. . . .*

*So far, it has all been very symmetrical. But we have left one thing out.*

*The world belongs to what his masculinity has become.*

*The reward for what his masculinity has become is power. The reward for what her femininity has become is only the security which his power can bestow upon her. If he were to yield to what her femininity has become, he would be yielding to contemptible incompetence. If she were to acquire what his masculinity has become, she would participate in intolerable coerciveness.*

*She is stifling under the triviality of her femininity. The world is groaning beneath the terrors of his masculinity.*

*He is playing masculine. She is playing feminine.*

*How do we call off the game?*

That's a question difficult to answer for those like myself, still under the domination of the complex.

But this much is clear: justice demands that we should legalize abortion or punish men equally for their promiscuousness. We should probably develop the pill for men and take far more seriously vasectomy. We should equalize all opportunities—political, economic, and social—i.e., pass the Equal Rights Amendment for women.

But how do we rid ourselves of the complex? That is the even tougher problem. Certainly the first problem is to recognize that we are hurting because we have denied our nature. All of us are suffering the sufferings of our humanity betrayed. If we recognize the anguish, we may be able to let loose the feelings we have so long repressed. Specifically, we men have to stop disavowing "the woman Thou gavest me." We have to love back into being the parts of ourselves that God so loved and which we have so long and so wrongly despised. We men have to learn to love the "feminine side of our nature."

This is something men have essentially to do with each other. For if in our pain we go running to women, it will probably be only with the hope that our old selves will find solace and that we can avoid the birth pains of a new self.

The new self must reaffirm that Eve was once part of Adam. We must let Eve get back under our skin, and really experience the primal union. Physically Adam resembles Eve but is separate; but psychologically he is distinct but not separate. Psychologically I am Adam and Eve before God.

Psychologically this Adam and Eve polarity is as false as all the other polarities we have maintained: body-mind, black-white, passive-active. These polarities are all designed to create and maintain an unwarranted sense of superiority, to separate us wrongly one from another; and, as the price of social division and conflict is internal personal division and conflict, it is small wonder we are hurting. For who art thou, O man, to be putting asunder what God Himself has joined together? ▼



# HARRIET HARVEY COFFIN ANSWERS HER HUSBAND:

## "Isn't it time the sexes gave one another the permission to be human?"

About six thousand years ago, women weren't doing badly. It hadn't occurred to anyone yet that men had something to do with conception. Women were treated not only as equals but as miraculous creatures who brought forth children. Then, as Women's Lib leader Gloria Steinem has pointed out, paternity was discovered and the situation changed drastically: children could be owned; goods and authority could be passed down by bloodline; and women needed to be locked up long enough to determine who was whose father. And so the ideas of marriage, inheritance, and subjugation began all at once.

Since that day, all sorts of myths—historical, religious, cultural, and scientific—have tumbled down history on top of one another to keep woman in her “natural place,” barefoot and pregnant, a happy housewife and mother. I have no objections to women's being “just housewives and mothers,” if that's what they want to be. But I do have a lot of objections to their staying that way if they don't. The women's movement is a movement against discrimination on all levels, psychological oppression included. At root, it deals with perception—a new way of seeing yourself and others. Our first job is to unload and unlearn the myths of centuries so that everyone (woman or man) has a free choice of what he/she wants to be.

Some of the most effective myths have been perpetrated by science; it could lay claims to “proofs.” The egg, according to Galen, the second-century Greek physician, was “weaker” than the semen, “thinner,” “colder,” of an “inferior tonus.” Scientists in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for instance, “proved” that male semen carried within it a minute fully-formed embryo. Woman played no part in generation; she was ground matter on which the autonomous seed could grow. The ovum was not discovered until 1827. All along, as James Hillman pointed out, the male system was the prototype; the female, the analogue. The ovaries were inferior testes; female seed, inferior to male.

Only in our time have we begun to understand that the scientific observer's beliefs may influence what he sees or does not see.

That a woman's place is “in the home,” her role, that of wife and mother, is myth. Until the Industrial Revolution, most produce was made in the household or on the farm and women were a vital part of the economic community, as manufacturers and traders.

The myth of myths is that of motherhood; and its most pernicious form occurs in very recent history: a child will be seriously deprived if his mother doesn't hover over him day and night. In reality, most middle-class children today suffer from an overdose of mother, an underdose of father, and a serious deprivation of the wider community that peopled the child's life in ancient times or even in the extended family of the late nineteenth century.

It is ironic that this should have occurred just at the moment when children were discovered to be human beings. Until the early part of this century, children were thought of as anything but children. They were “uncivilized animals,” “little adults,” or, in Puritan times, creatures who were especially vulnerable to possession by the devil. (And the treatment for the devil, as everyone knows, is a good beating!) Mothering itself was comparatively simple: just follow the rules—philosophic, religious, or tribal.

Then, during the 'twenties and 'thirties, doctors and educators (among them Freud and Dewey) turned their attention to childhood as something special and discovered that a child was not an animal who needed “civilizing,” nor a blank screen which needed imprinting upon, nor a little adult who needed “habit training.” He was, they said, a human being, different from an adult, who had special needs and growth patterns of his own. And so the pediatrician became a specialist and, shortly after him (or her), the child psychologist and the child-study expert. An enormous change took place, which was popularized for mothers by Dr. Benjamin Spock in his book *Baby and Child Care* in 1946. Children, he said, move through stages of physical and psychological development and have special needs and growth spurts at each stage. It was up to mothers, he said, to see that a child's needs were met, to encourage him to develop his own inborn natural growth plan. In spite of Spock's repeated assurances that mothers should not worry over every little cry and that a child needs limits as well as leeway, a mother was suddenly afraid of being the all-powerful creature who could stunt personality, and she had a lot of time to worry about it.

The problem of “Momism” or that of “permissiveness” should not be laid so much at the feet of Spock (or of mothers themselves) as on the fact

that, at this moment in history, mothers found themselves cooped up alone with their children and the automatic dishwasher in suburban ghettos or city apartments with little else to worry about except their effect upon their children. Enter Philip Roth's Mother Portnoy and Mrs. Robinson, the mother in *The Graduate*. The devil was now out of the picture, but the witch—sometimes a well-meaning one—had returned.

Since Spock, child-development research has brought a new emphasis—this time on relationship. It no longer matters so much what you do *to* or *for* a child; it matters what you do *with* him or her. It's not the action so much as the intention and feeling that counts. In the mother-child relationship, the researchers tell us, the needs of both mother and child are equally important; because it is feelings *between* them that bring growth or regression. Don't think “baby” or “mother,” think “relationship.”

In short, where Spock and Co. allowed children to be human, with special needs as children and individual talents as human beings, today's child-care experts (and Spock with them) are giving mothers permission to be human, with their own special needs and talents. Motherhood is not an identity; it is a stage of life. Children need a mother who is secure in her own individuality, her own interests; one who doesn't depend on her children for her worth.

But escaping the “house trap” is not just that simple. That abysmal result of the Industrial Revolution—the nuclear family—has got us all (men, women, and children) in its grip. It has been asked to do a job that it quite simply can't do by itself. We are going to have to re-invent community in new forms. Communal living may be one answer. Day-care centers, *not* as child dumping grounds but as broad-gauged community centers where people of all ages come to learn about human development, may be another.

For the moment, the young men are helping women and children rejoin the human race. Having relinquished some of the drive for power and achievement, fathers, for the first time in hundreds of years, begin to assume a major role in child care itself. They are not just play-pals or disciplinarians but are involved in the day-to-day care of children. With education getting longer and longer, mothers frequently work part-time to help the family while their husbands study at home and tend the baby. The reverse is true as well: men are taking jobs near a university so that their wives can finish up their B.A.'s or Ph.D.'s. Eventually, if we can adjust our job market to meet some of these needs (Scandinavia has already done so), each may work part-time while the other tends the home.

When work is shared between husband and wife, both at home and outside, wives gain a deeper understanding of those bad days at the office when husbands must stay late because the boss is upset or the report overdue. Fathers gain a deeper understanding of the “no-no” days of a two-year-old. With a job to give them some perspective and a different kind of fulfillment, mothers aren't apt to suffer the Sophie Portnoy worries over details and to take out their frustrations on their children. Women, as Warren T. Farrell (the only male member of the board of directors of N.O.W., National Organization

## SHE SAYS: “If women enter the larger world, men should be allowed the more intimate world.”

for Women) has suggested, aren't, so apt to need to control their husbands and children if they have the freedom to control certain areas of their own lives.

The hang-up in reaching this scheme of things lies in America's (and most of Western Europe's) rigid myths about masculine and feminine roles. So long as Papa's role is seen primarily as breadwinner, he is trapped with driving himself higher and higher up the achievement ladder. More money equals more masculine. More aggressive equals more masculine. More daring equals more masculine. Being logical and “tough,” having power over others, and having high performance in sport or profession have become the masculine goals.

But who needs them? They're exhausting (Continued on page 151)





"In my early days,  
I was a sepia Hedy Lamarr.  
Now I'm Black and a woman,  
singing my own way."

# Lena Horne's

## new love for life



BY JOHN GRUEN

Lena Horne! The name suggests smooth, cool-hot sound and abrupt, sinuous gesture. A tantalizing, *noli me tangere* seductiveness. A voice that warns of exquisite, crazy possibilities—inflects in ways that hold you suspended, then lets you have it in that sexy, taunting, head-spinning way.

Miss Lena Horne: a legend in her time? Of course. But a legend not entirely of her own making. More, a lesson in ambiguity. A figure whom the white world catapulted to fame, showered with rewards, pointed to with pride, and said, "Now, if they were all like Lena Horne!"

Of course, in the early days, the public felt she was not *really* Black. Her face, with its incandescent light skin, its perfect film-star features, barely hinted at the stereotypes of her race. And how she sang! And how she moved!

Now, after surviving the recent tragic deaths, in short order, of her father, her son, her husband, she is re-charged, as a woman, as a performer. "Her work used to be very calculated, studied," said a friend. "She created a wall between the audience and herself. But that's all changed. She communicates with the audience—she's broken through. She sings new songs, things she really likes. She's part of the scene *now*. It's been a late kind of explosion, an overdue explosion of her true self. Sometimes I think she is unaware of what she's really got. What can I say, except that she's the most radiant, alive, sparkling human being I know."

Early on, Lena Horne married a Black man, and bore him a son and a daughter. Later, the marriage was dissolved. Then, when it was still daring and difficult, she married a white man, the conductor (Continued on the next page)





*This page: Lena Horne wears a dress Giorgio di Sant' Angelo did just for her—in black with red and yellow streamers. (In red stretch fabric with a purple skirt; Saks Fifth Avenue.)*





"m"y father said, 'People think you're cold because you've had to be the man all your life—the matriarch'" —Lena Horne

(Continued) and arranger Lennie Hayton. Twenty-four years married to a white man. And, in time, Gail, her daughter, married a white man, film director Sidney Lumet, and there are two young daughters. . . . Lena Horne, unbelievably, a grandmother.

On the 'fifties, Lena Horne was Red-listed—or black-listed—because she had been a close friend of Paul Robeson. She did not work in movies or on television. But she lived her life—in essence, an insular, protected life. Lena Horne, by her own admission neither Black nor white, needed to reexamine her values. In 1965 she wrote her autobiography, *Lena*, searching out her past, finding and revealing terrifying truths. But these truths would, finally, not compare to the events that shattered yet ultimately revitalized Lena Horne in 1971.

Three deaths, in unbearable fast sequence, came along to transform her.

How does one interview a woman who, in little more than a year, has lost her father, her son, and her husband? Does one say how ravishing she looks? Does one wonder how she has the strength or desire to appear in an exhausting nightclub act in Las Vegas? Does one intrude upon bruised emotions, asking how the deaths of the three most important men in her life have affected a beloved entertainer?

In the presence of Lena Horne, one knows what inner strength and toughness are. One asks these questions. And the questions are answered.

"My father went first," she told me, calmly. "That hit me in a very dreadful way; because my father, whom I didn't really come to know well until I was forty, was a man of the street—a renegade, and someone I felt much closer to than my mother. My parents separated when I was three; and I was an only child and left alone to live with very poor, middle-class Black people in the South. My father was born in the South, but I wasn't allowed to see him (my mother hadn't wanted me to be disloyal to her). So there was this great tearing of my emotions, because I was always fascinated by this father whom I never knew or saw. I came to know that he was a militant, a Black man who didn't want to be treated as he was. I learned he was a gambler, a "numbers" banker—a man who had few choices. And that he had a toughness. Through the years, I began to be told that I was like my father.

"When I was forty, and writing my book, I called my father and told him that I loved him very much. For the first time in a long time I cried. I

told him how lonely I felt. And he had been waiting. He said, 'You're lonely because people think you're cold. But that's because you've had to be the man all your life—the matriarch.' So from that moment, when I was already that old, I got back that father-figure—that Black man in my life. And, suddenly, I was home free.

"I began to be able to talk to my father about things that even my husband Lennie and I could never talk about. *Our* thing was there, and had always been there. My father came to live with us. He was suffering from emphysema—that's what finally killed him. But he was with me, and we were like brother and sister, like husband and wife. And my son would come over—my son, Teddy, from my first marriage—and the three of us had this great new thing. We'd discuss the hustles of our lives. It was all for the first time. And I belonged! I belonged to *them*! I belonged to my people. So then, my father died—and it just about killed me."

Lena Horne has a soft, pebbly, musical voice. She uses it with thought and deliberation.

Her words are weighed, measured, and only at times guarded. Her responses are emotional—visceral. In a way, she is a primitive. Beneath her spectacular beauty, beneath the great, exposed sensitivity, the sheen and glow of her sophistication, there lives a true fighter, a survivor. Clearly, she operates on instinct, and sitting with me in her New York living room (a room of great elegance, comfort, and taste), she appeared at peace: a woman come to terms with the finality of death and her new-found identity.

"I had known that my son would be taken from me," she continued. "I had known it since he was twenty-one. He died of a kidney disease when he was twenty-nine. Oh, I had gone through saying 'It's not true,' had even fought with him about it, just to banish it from our heads. Then, of course, we had to accept it. Then the numbness set in. But, you see, I really *did* know I would have to give up my son. I *had* to accept it.

"When Teddy went, five months after my father died, I hated the world, because a mother can't bear to bury a child. When my father died, I felt shattered, but a strange peace came over me. I guess that sometimes happens. I've never been around death. Oh, I've been near lynchings and violence and police, but never near death. When my father was dying, I sat with him a long time. He was very gentle with me. I think he was getting me ready for Teddy's death.

"I didn't feel my husband's death until six months afterward. I suddenly ground to a halt. I couldn't do anything. I didn't want to get up in the morning. I didn't want to work. Something strange happened to me when Lennie died. Despite the numbness, I suddenly felt very strong—I felt tremendously alive. I hated it, feeling so strong and alive. All these men left me a kind of tremendous strength to go ahead, to finish the job. I didn't know what the job was, but I ceased to devour myself.

"I thought of Lennie, and what he had left me, the way he had softened me and kept me womanly. How he left me with the musical background that I needed. I thought about our marriage, and how we dared to take that difficult step, to make an interracial marriage. I remembered how ashamed we were to be annoyed with each other, to fight with each other, to have the natural hang-ups that married people have. Because, you see, we had to live that careful, exemplary thing. We didn't dare let our marriage fail. Lennie went through a lot with me during the twenty-four years we were together.

"Lennie shielded me. He kept me safe. When I married him, I knew that because he was a white man he would protect me from the things my first husband couldn't protect me from. I know that with Lennie I grew as a person. He let some of my abrasiveness rub off on him. You know, I'd come home to him, after being 'out there,' and he'd bear the brunt of it. The only thing I found strange in Lennie was his utter lack of any prejudice at all. I, of course, felt the prejudices. But living with Lennie softened my attitudes. He was a genuinely good, good man—a gentle man, and a brilliant musician.

"Then, in the 'sixties, history began to change for us Blacks. I began to be caught up in that thing, to break from my isolation. My private life and my professional life I now saw in a different perspective. You see, I was caught in a trap, because I was one of the first Black people to be allowed to do this and that. I hadn't realized that I wasn't really helping myself or my people. My so-called image was only 50 percent true. The thing is, I didn't really *belong*; I was an isolated entity. There was a distance between me and what was beginning to happen.

"When I was young, for example, I knew nothing of my background as a Black woman. None of my relatives had ever told me anything of the great, great history in their lives. And I didn't know just why (Continued on page 156)







# HOT NEWS

## REAL-LIFE FASHION FOR A COOL SUMMER

In June, you're ahead of the game—you've been out of doors, exercising more, you've got a little sun on your skin—the simplest things you put on are going to look great.... So, here are... the simplest things: the coolest, prettiest clothes you could hope to be in the minute the heat's on. Photographed where it usually is.

AT NIGHT—THE WRAPPED HEAD,  
THE NAKED BACK

Nothing we can say about this summer's look will tell you more than these pictures: the eye, the length and shine of the hair under the wrapping, the smooth expanse of back—simple, seductive. . . . The dress, everything that's meant by "little nothing"—really something from Leslie J: clingy black knit with a bias skirt and a halter that ties on like a scarf.

Left: Dress of Klopman Fabrics "Dacron 8"; about \$44. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz; May D & F. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue. . . . Beauty tip for faces and backs in moments like this: Elizabeth Arden's new Flawless Finish Sponge-On cream makeup, and every other inch of skin moisturized with their Body Cream. Wig, coiffed by Jean-Louis David, who did all the hair on these twenty-two pages. . . . California town scene: the Jean-Pierre Vasarely suite of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

HELMUT NEWTON










THE COOL SUMMER



H ALTERED CHECKS—  
WHAT A DIFFERENCE  
A LITTLE BARENESS MAKES





The dress Halston can't make enough of, *left*—all plunge and a big, cool, biasy skirt in blue-and-white gingham checks—every woman who sees it sees herself in it, fresh and sexy. Perfect for countryish evenings... Lauren Hutton, *right*, doing her movie-star thing in a nifty pyjama from The Sidney's—black-and-white tweedy checks that could take you from now to next season (not to mention day to night) and a bit of red cardigan for cover.

*Far left:* Cotton gingham dress, about \$350; to order at Halston Limited. Photographed at the Beverly Hills Hotel....*Left:* Acetate-and-nylon knit pyjama, of Wamsutta Fabrics; Orlon sweater. By The Sidney's for Tina S.; about \$95. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; L. S. Ayres. In the background: the Beverly Wilshire Hotel....Accessories, next to last page.



THE COOL SUMMER

CHECKS—  
THE MORE  
YOU HAVE, THE  
MORE YOU WANT

Brown-and-white checks, right: a simple classic button-front shirtdress from Frances Henaghan—we can't even imagine summer without it.... Halston's shirt and pants in brown-and-white gingham checks, worn by Lauren Hutton, opposite—grab it—live in it—enjoy it; it's one of the best pants suits anywhere.

Right: Of Dacron (Hargro Fabrics), about \$78. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz; Carol & Mary. Wig, Jean-Louis David.... Opposite: Of cotton gingham, about \$200. By Halston Limited, Bloomingdale's; Martha; Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Sakowitz; Giorgio. Accessories, next to last page of this issue. Coat, Jean-Louis David











# A DVENTURES IN YELLOW

Adventures on the Hollywood scene, both pages, photographed at Universal Studios Tour Center, with thrills provided by stuntman Lance Rimmer (his jeweled shirt, Nudie's Rodeo Tailors). Left: Dacron-and-cotton shorts (Galey & Lord fabric), about \$20; cotton knit shirt (Concord Fabrics), about \$20; Lord & Taylor, Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Marshall Field, Dayton's, Harzfeld's. Right: Of Orsi silk, about \$185; Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

The caftan at night, this page—*luxe et calme*—however torrid the moment—Oscar de la Renta's brilliant yellow organza swooning in flowers... on Lauren Hutton... To the rescue of girls with good legs—see Lauren, opposite: Beene Bazaar's sharp little yellow shorts and shirt—instant refreshment in heated situations.









THE COOL SUMMER

BE  
COVERED  
OR BARE,  
BUT ABOVE  
ALL—  
SEDUCTIVE  
AT NIGHT

Left: Of Guillemin silk. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin, The jungle background—a figment of Universal Studio Tours' imagination....Right: In stretch fabric of Antron nylon and Lycra (Liberty Fabrics); about \$295. At Bonwit Teller; Claire Pearone; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin; Accessories, next to last page, this issue. Wig and coif, Jean-Louis David....Photographed in the Jean-Pierre Vasarely suite of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

lauren, opposite, wearing a beautiful covered dress from Galanos, in ombré shadings of blue and brown chiffon—for this, there isn't an evening too big or too small....

And when it comes to showing skin, left, how about this one-shoulder, split-to-the-waist white stretch sensation—Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's, in the marvelous new two-way stretch fabric he uses to make clothes cling and flow like nothing you've ever seen.



ORIGINAL  
STEREO VIEWS

WORLD  
WAR I

## THE COOL SUMMER

Lauren at the penny-movie show on Universal Studios Tour, right, in—what else?—the universal shirtdress. Serbin Fashions' separatesy-looking red, white, and navy tattersalls over window-pane plaid. . . . On to Nudie's Rodeo Tailors, opposite, with Lauren in a haltered white knit from Leslie Fay—and Mr. N. himself among the souvenirs.

Right: Dress, Fortrell and cartoon (Don River fabric), about \$32. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Marshall Field; Neusteters; Bullock's Wilshire. . . . Far right: Of double-knit Trevira, about \$42. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page. Coifs, Jean-Louis David.



S HIRTDRESS  
LIVING  
ON THE  
MOVIELAND  
SCENE







THE COOL  
SUMMER



Above: In the famous shop, Nudie's Rodeo Tailors, Lauren Hutton with Dale Robertson (next in *The Walking Major*). Rainbow sweater and shirtdress by Craig.

## LITTLE NIFTIES— IN MAD MADCAP HOLLYWOOD PLACES



Left, still at Nudie's—a shirt-jacket and culottes of brown-and-white pin dots from Kloss•Pruzan. Above, the scene shifts to Universal Studios where Lauren tries out a fake face in the makeup department. Her little black dress with little black covered buttons by Nardis of Dallas. Right: Everyone loves a shirtdress, including *Frankenstein*! This one is white twill with navy stitching, by Wilroy.

Left above: Barbara Groot for Craig. Dress of rayon challis (Lisa Fabrics); Orlon knit sweater. About \$46. Lord & Taylor. . . . Left: 499 Division of Kloss•Pruzan. Cotton and rayon (Schwartz-Liebman Textiles). About \$60. Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Above: Dacron knit. About \$50. Franklin Simon; L. S. Ayres; Joske's. . . . Right: Dacron knit. About \$46. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's. Here, and above: Universal Studios Tours Center. Coiffures by Jean-Louis David. Accessories, next to last page.







## THE COOL SUMMER

Black strapless top, *left*—nothing to it—but it makes the most of Willi Smith for Digits' cuffed black-and-white pants. . . . Pyjamas played cool as the evening—these, chalk-white, from Casa di Cole, *near right*, the mandarin shirt open clear up to *there*. . . . More of the soft life, *far right*—a navy blazer and pants (they're by Hooper Associates) in knitted cotton velours—perfection with just a white dinner shirt and ropes of pearls.

*Left:* Sally Gee top, in cotton and rubber; \$2. Altman's. . . . Kodel-and-cotton pants (Wamsutta Fabrics), pants, about \$25. Junior sizes. Henri Bendel. . . . *Near right:* In Qiana nylon (Webco Mills fabric). Shirt, \$30; pants, \$50. Bergdorf Goodman. . . . *Far right:* Blazer, about \$38; pants, about \$22. Abercrombie & Fitch; Jacobson's; Bullock's Wilshire. Wigs arranged by Jean-Louis David. Accessories, next to the last page of this issue. Both pages photographed in the Jean-Pierre Vasarely Suite of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.



PANTS,  
PANTS,  
PANTS—  
AND ALL  
SO EASY





## THE PALE DRESS— A NATURAL ANY DAY

In Beverly Hills, where life is lived around the pool, two great pale looks—Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's safari-shirt dress, *left*, in pale pongee...and, *right*, bone-pale crêpe from Chester Weinberg, with its own apricot-crêpe cardigan.

*Left:* Apsco Fabrics silk. About \$310. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Marie Leavell; Giorgio....*Right:* Avisco acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric). About \$295. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Jean-Louis David corf. Accessories, next to last page. Both pages photographed at the Beverly Hills Hotel.










THE COOL SUMMER







## NEW BARENESS ON THE WATERFRONT

Sapphire crushed-velvet bikini, opposite, held together by brassy chain links — if your shape's in shape, this is your suit. Here, the body is Elizabeth Claman, who'll be seen next on the screen in *Play It As It Lays*.

The strapless bathing suit, above, for an even, strapless tan — this summer's sleekest cranberry maillot, laced in front. Soft navy halter, below, and a tiny matching skirt — two easy pieces to swim and sun in.

Opposite: Robby Len bikini of nylon and rayon. About \$19. Macy's; Higbee's; Sanger-Harris....Top of page: By Elisabeth Stewart, of polyester. About \$30. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's....Above: By Sandcastle, of Antron nylon. About \$26. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's....All bathing suits photographed in their element at the new pool of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. And for elemental protection: a good covering of Tanya Hawaiian Suntan Lotion, with a guarding sunscreen, soothing, smoothing moisturizers.



# CUT-OUT COTTON KNITS

Three snappy, simple, open-to-the-air knock-about shifts made of black cotton knit—the sort of dresses Gwendolyn Warner finds fit right into her life. The wife of Jack L. Warner, the architect, and mother of young John and twins Laura and Louise, Gwen lives in Santa Barbara, California, in a handsome white modern house climbing up a flower-and-tree-laden hill.

A tall, willowy young woman with a cascade of brunette hair, enormous eyes, a sun-dusted complexion, and the enviable figure of a mannequin, Mrs. Warner poses, *left*:

in an A-line shift tied twice in back but with lots of back left on view.

Vogue Pattern 8306.... *Right*: In her superb kitchen surrounded by the ravishing flower arrangements she does as a matter of course, Gwen in a bare-midriff number, stitched off in white—as are all of these black cotton knits.

Vogue Pattern 8330.... *Far right*:

Photographed at the Birnam Wood Golf Club (lunching with Mr. Warner), Gwen in another of her cotton knit bare backs. (This pattern is ankle length with side slit, but

can be made this way, as a day dress.) Vogue Pattern 8337.

All three dresses, made from Very Easy, Very Vogue Patterns. Black cotton knit fabric from Desire Mills, at Altman's.

VOGUE  
PATTERNS

GWENDOLYN WARNER

VOGUE PATTERN 8306





VOGUE PATTERN 8337



# American Great: LEE KRASNER

*"I'm an artist—not a 'woman artist,'  
not an 'American artist'"*

by

**Barbara Rose**

At the center of the artistic upheaval that made New York the art capital of the world in the late nineteen-forties and early 'fifties were Jackson Pollock and his wife, Lee Krasner, an intense forceful woman with steady grey-blue eyes reflecting her carefully tended independence. Their painting style—Abstract Expressionism—with its revolutionary use of physical gesture, bold images, and rich painterly surfaces made a wide sweep of the then prevailing European Cubist esthetic. What Paris had been to American writing in the 'twenties, New York suddenly became to American painting in the 'forties and 'fifties. But, unlike Zelda Fitzgerald and the wives of many other American men in the art-and-literary world between the World Wars, Lee Krasner was her own woman, an artist.

Although much curiosity, much speculation surround the formidable personality of Lee Pollock, the widow of the great American painter, very little is known about Lee Krasner, the artist who fought the same battles, exhibited in the same galleries, and painted side by side with her famous, now legendary, husband. For me, as well as many other critics, Lee Krasner is one of the significant painters of the twentieth century—an artist whose importance is only now beginning to be seen.

When I asked Lee Krasner why she was not one of the "Irascible Eighteen," the now famous group of New York School artists who signed a petition in the 'forties—precipitating one of the most notable controversies ever stirred up about American painting—a petition protesting the virtual absence of American art in The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, she answered, "I wasn't asked to sign. Barney Newman [the organizer of the protest, Barnett Newman, (Continued on next page)]

**T**he painter Lee Krasner, a major force in the breakthrough years of American art, here in her barn-studio outside the small village of Springs, New York. Behind her, two works in progress and, far right, a painting finished in 1971 with all the sweep and energy of her newest work.











WILFRID M. ZOGBAUM



# Jackson Pollock and I were painters.... Sometimes I cooked, sometimes he cooked"—Lee Krasner

(Continued) the outstanding American painter who died in 1970] called, and when I answered the phone, he asked for Jackson. He didn't even bother to inform me of the protest."

And so it went, until recently—when Lee Krasner the painter began to replace Mrs. Jackson Pollock as a public personality.

The Pollocks and their marriage were, and are, their own untold story. Despite his image as the *macho* he-man, Pollock treated Lee Krasner as an equal, a serious professional artist whose work he admired. In her home, Lee Krasner was at least as much painter and comrade-in-art as wife. It turns out that, in fact, Pollock was the only major American artist of the great 'forties to marry another avant-garde artist of his generation.

And Pollock, alone among the patriarchal Abstract Expressionists, investigated the myths of female creativity, painting feminine archetypes (like "The She-Wolf" and "Pasiphaë"), totems, and symbols to balance the masculine principle. While his contemporaries, for the most part, turned to Freud for inspiration, Pollock preferred Jungian subject matter, subject matter that gave equal if not greater emphasis to earth goddesses and the primal creativity of the feminine.

Pollock was not afraid of strong women and Lee Krasner was one of the most courageous, outspoken, and tenacious women any man might have chosen. In many respects, her education was better than Pollock's. A New Yorker who had studied at Cooper Union and the National Academy School of Fine Arts, she had discovered modern art as a young painter during the 'thirties, while Pollock was still painting the American Scene in the manner of his teach-

**L**ee Krasner and her husband, the painter Jackson Pollock, top left, photographed, before fame discovered them, in the meadow of their Long Island country house-studio at Springs. While the small house, bought in 1946, was being renovated, Lee Krasner made a mosaic table for their living room—the bright tesserae and black grout perhaps the unconscious motive for a series of works, 1946-1950, that she calls the "Little Image" paintings, including the canvas center left, with her distinctive "allover" style. Scraps of discarded drawings from her studio floor made up Lee Krasner's innovative collage-paintings; the one shown here, "Forest No. 1," 1954, below left, was put together from fragments of abandoned canvases.

er, Thomas Hart Benton, the Missouri painter who tried to make an epic subject of the prairies and fields of rural America but ended with provincial versions of the old masters. Indeed, many have credited Lee Krasner with deflecting Pollock's attention from Benton and focusing it on the great modern masters. She is reticent on the subject. "When I first met Pollock, we disagreed on many things," she admits. "But as struck as I was by the *revelation* his paintings were to me, still I couldn't believe he was discussing Benton that seriously. I can't say if I affected Pollock's views at all. I know that Pollock affected *me* enormously; I daresay I must have had some effect on him."

As I spoke with Lee Krasner, I became increasingly aware of the enormous inner strength it must have taken to have lived her life as an abstract painter, given the obstacles she had to overcome to continue to paint and to paint what she wanted. At first, she had joined the small number of American modernists who fought against academicism and the buckeye illustration of American Scene painting. Surviving the Depression, she battled to find a style that went beyond the limits of European Cubism, a freer, more spontaneously emotional style that eventually became known as Abstract Expressionism. Whatever the odds against her—whether it was the antagonism of her fellow artists whose wives worked to support them, or the indifference of museums, or later the tragedy of her husband's death and the endless litigation over the estate—Lee Krasner kept on painting. Depressed, sleepless, sometimes ill—she continued working. Recently, she has entered a new phase of prolific activity. Her studio is slowly filling up with canvases of pure radiant color contrasted with big open areas of bright white. A floral image seems to dominate; but in many ways the swirling circular motifs, the sense of a physical rhythm and powerful energy link these works with her earliest paintings.

"I have just given all the Pollock material to Eugene Thaw and Virginia Allen, who are preparing the definitive *catalogue raisonné*," she said with an obvious sense of relief. "Now I can once again concentrate on being Lee Krasner the painter." Lee Krasner's life touches every moment of the formation and evolution of postwar American painting—youth in Bohemian Greenwich Village; classes with Hans Hofmann, who brought modern-art theories from Europe to New York; work as one of the few women in the art section of the W.P.A. (the government-supported Depression work project); marriage to Pollock; and, finally, success as a painter on her own.

Today, Lee Krasner lives during the sum-



mer in the Long Island house she shared with Pollock in Springs in East Hampton, New York. During the winter, she paints in a studio in her large light-filled apartment on Manhattan's upper East Side. It was there in her living room, surrounded by the plants, shells, rocks, and unusual *art-nouveau* pieces that have much in common with the circling organic forms of her paintings, that I spoke with her about her forty-year career as a woman artist and her experiences, bitter and sweet, as the wife of the man often considered America's greatest painter.

## Rose:

Was it hard to be a woman artist in the 'thirties, 'forties, and 'fifties?

## Krasner:

I never got any very positive responses to my work. When I met Hans Hofmann, he said, "Zis is so good you would not know it was done by a woman"—meaning the highest compliment he could pay me. That was always there, maybe it will be for a long time. It's as old as Judeo-Christianity. In Western thought—not Eastern—the God image is a male concept and there isn't much room for the female. Those are facts not to be denied. I had an awareness of this way back, somewhere when I was studying at Cooper Union. But it didn't hit me too hard until the recent women's movement. Now, there is an attempt to get a number of women on the scene. For me, it comes a little late.

## Q:

Yet you have described Pollock's attitude toward your work as very supportive. That he was willing to make provisions for your being an artist must have been important.

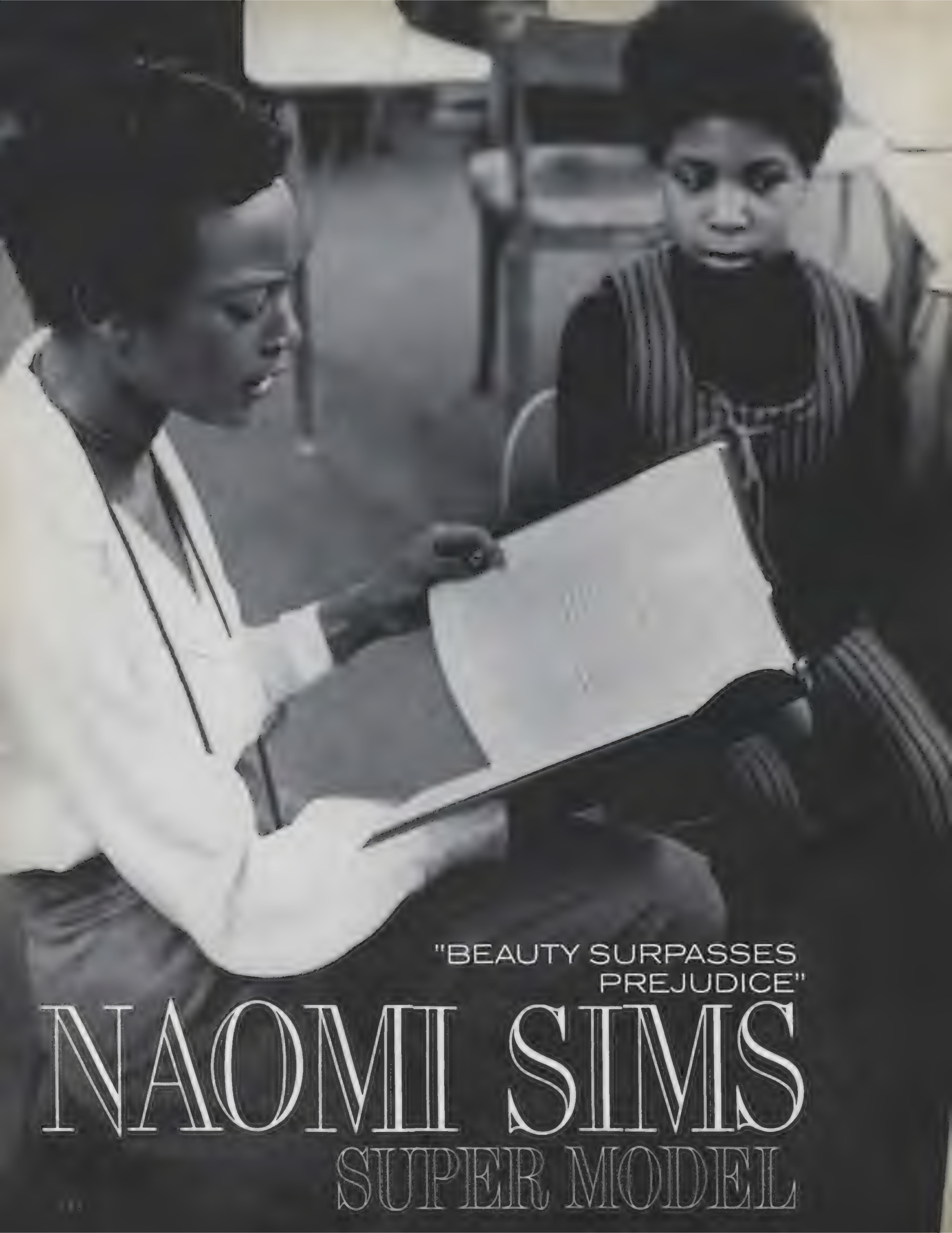
## A:

I don't know how I would have felt if he'd said, "I don't want you to paint," or acted it out in some way. The issue, of course, never arose; but it's inconceivable to me that I would have stopped painting if my husband hadn't approved. Since Pollock was a turbulent man, life with him was never very calm. But the question—should I paint, shouldn't I paint—never arose. I didn't hide my paintings in a closet; they hung on the wall next to (Continued on page 154)

**L**ee Krasner at the easel, during her W.P.A. days in the 'thirties, when she was a student of Hans Hofmann, the great teacher of abstract artists, and working as a waitress by night, painting by day.








"BEAUTY SURPASSES  
PREJUDICE"

# NAOMI SIMS

SUPER MODEL






**V**ery tall with an extraordinary elegance of line and carriage, Naomi Sims—at twenty-three—is at the top: she is a supermodel. The first Black woman to make it. "My story reads like a fairy tale. I was very fortunate. I started at the right moment. I worked very hard. They tell me I'm beautiful—I'm accepting it. And beauty surpasses prejudice. But to be a good model, you have to be good; it's inherent. In the beginning, I went through a stage of thinking just about myself—my clothes, my makeup, my nails. Now, when I have free time, it's filled up because I feel so fortunate to be in the position I'm in and I want to give something back."

**H**er free time is filled and when there isn't time, she makes it. "I've always worked with people. I'm not the least bit shy. I adore to speak"—to such diverse groups as girls who want to be models and rehabilitated drug addicts. She spoke at the Sickle Cell Anemia Drive in Baltimore, at a Veterans' Administration Hospital in Pennsylvania—"I talked individually to fifty men. It was rough. One Black soldier kept his back to me and wouldn't look around—I was a model, you know. Finally I said, 'Hey, I'm your soul sister,' and then we rapped." She goes regularly to day camps and recreation centers: "I read to the children, sing with them, ask them questions like what would they be if they (Continued)

DUANE MICHALS



Naomi at the Northside Center for Child Development in New York, left, reading her story *The Gum Tree Monster*, "a cautionary tale for pretty little girls with shiny white eyes and shiny white teeth about the horrors of chewing gum."...Her makeup, right, is her own invention—"it's still hard to find the right makeup for Black skin." She mixes her own base, uses lots of dark eye shadow—"black-and-white photographs can shrink the eye to a raisin...blue liner opens the eye and whitens the white, which is sometimes yellowish in Blacks." She plans to start her own line of cosmetics. "It must be excellent—so good that a Black woman can put it on, go out in the bright sunlight, and still look beautiful."...Coif, left, by Marc Sinclair; right by Shin of Suga.





at Fare  
ns

WATCH YOUR



# "I'M EXTREMELY PROUD OF BEING AMERICAN"

—Naomi Sims

(Continued) could be anything they wished." She hopes that her children's story, *The Gum Tree Monster*, will be the first in a series against various evils from tooth decay to drugs. "My main ambition is to be a writer." At the moment, she's finishing *The Beautiful Black Woman*—a how-to beauty guide—for Doubleday. "I want to chock a lot into these next few years, do as much as I can and more if possible." She's up for a big part in a movie: "I can't tell you what—I don't want to jinx it—but it would be a new experience. I think I may have the ability to act—in my senior year in high school I played a Swedish maid very convincingly." ...Her laugh is marvelous: rich, open, full of the joy of being Naomi Sims.

—KAREN ANDERSON

Off to a nine o'clock booking in suede jacket and pants, far left. "If it's a pretty day and I'm not rushed, I'll take the bus—you see things and get ideas—but usually I take taxis." ... At the jukebox in Harlem's Lucky Spot Restaurant, left. "Food like my mother's—chicken and greens; it's great!" ... On Park Avenue in Halston's cape and pants, right: "I'm a dressed up person. I tried jeans but I'm much more comfortable in Halston and Scott Barré. I like simple, quiet clothes—I prefer to do the talking." (Her curls on both pages, by Marc Sinclair.) ... Born in Mississippi, raised in Pittsburgh, Naomi's home is now New York: "I love this fabulous awful city. When I'm working in Europe, people often think I'm from the Islands. Maybe it would have been easier, being African or from the Islands, but I'm American—by way of Mississippi—and I'm extremely proud of being American."



# The sweeping comeback of DARK NAILS WEARING AND CARING FOR THE NEW SHADES OF POLISH

**The biggest, hottest beauty news in years** Vivid reds, rich browns and Burgundy, bright greens and blues—that's what the best-dressed nails are wearing now, everywhere in the world. And it's sensational—it changes your look, your mood, puts everything in a new light. Nails that have no color have no impact. Simple as that. But it's something you have to see on yourself—we can't tell you just how attractive dark, well-groomed nails are this summer. Experiment. . . . **More than a shade of difference** between new nail color and old—tones are less opaque, more lustrous and alive. And the quality of nail enamel has been vastly improved. New polish formulas won't settle, won't streak, won't change color. When you buy a second bottle of your favorite shade, it exactly matches the first. Even the brushes are better. At Revlon, they count the hairs on each (110-125) to make sure you get just the right amount of fullness. This gets on just the right amount of polish—enough to go down and completely cover nail tips where chipping was the big problem of the past. Frost formulas have been up-graded, too, to give a nice pearly glow without over-icing. . . .

**Healthier nails** All these improvements have paid dividends where it counts—one dermatologist we know has noticed a great falling-off in allergic reactions to nail enamel. The reason: better raw materials, better testing. He also observes that nails themselves have improved. You can thank the new protein base coats and conditioners for that—these can work wonders for fragile nails by filling in defects and sealing off tiny injuries. They smooth the nail surface for neater, even enameling, help prevent unwanted bubbling and pitting of polish. Also vital: the protein helps lock in moisture which nails, like skin, need a steady supply of. If you haven't checked out these protein do-gooders, this is the perfect time to do it.

**To make the most of dark colors: the best manicure** While new polish is easier than ever to use, it still takes a little time and know-how to get it on perfectly. Nothing beats a professional manicure, but you should learn to do it yourself—especially if you want to switch shades often. A few pointers to keep in mind. . . . Shape with an emery board—metal files can shred and split nails. Go easy, work in one direction, and be careful not to take too much off the sides, which can weaken even good nails. Aim for a smooth, medium-length oval. Never snip the cuticle: use a creamy cuticle remover and push back gently with the blunt end of an orangewood stick. After a soaking in warm, sudsy water, push cuticle back again with a towel. Make the base for your color a protein-enriched one. Polish itself should go on in three neat strokes—once down the middle and once down each side. Let it dry before applying a second coat. Finish with a top coat or sealer. . . . And remember—the manicure that makes nails look great also protects them from daily hard knocks.

**Give nails a helping hand** Even the most polished manicure won't stay that way for long without a little cooperation. When you come right down to it, it's a question of what not to do. For instance, nails are not for dialing phones (use a pencil), pressing elevator buttons (use knuckles), opening packages (use scissors), flicking on the lights (knuckles, again), and sundry chores of that nature. . . . Nails in hot water?—most soaps and detergents turn water alkaline which can cause splitting and layering. Rubber gloves—the new thinner, more flexible kind—are what you want . . . and cotton ones belong on nails that do work around the house, around a garden.

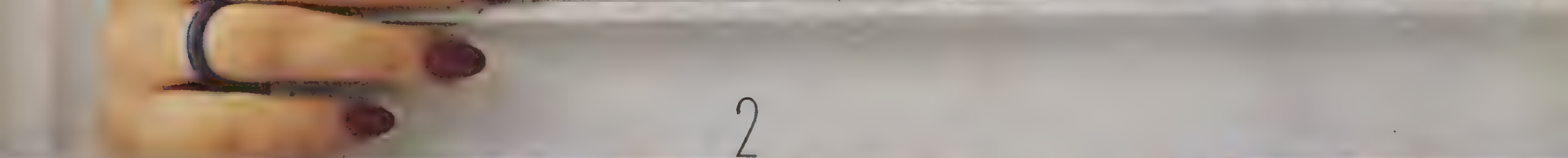
**Put-on nails** Nails that are less than perfect can still get in on all the color excitement. The how-to: fake nails, which have never looked as good or have been easier to use. In a matter of minutes you have the wear-with-all for any shade you like. Eylure of London has False Fingernails in three sizes—they stay on for days and do added service by protecting real nails underneath. Fakes are the only thing we can think of to come between you and the new color happening now.

## Nails with the polish of deep color

Here, four of the most-wanted new shades of dark ready for your nails right now. . . . *Dark brown* (1)—the shade is Misty Chocolate, a good one to try if you haven't tried anything dark before. . . . *The deepest red* (2)—Russian Sable, a 1940's best seller back by popular demand for original fans and those who thought they were born too late. . . . *Pearly green* (3)—the color that took off with Liza Minnelli's *Cabaret* nails, showed up at parties round the world. Your turn next with Crystal Jade enamel. . . . *Purple-y red* (4)—Ultra Violet, another classic '40's shade, looking better than ever on '70's nails. All enamels from Revlon's new collection of "Lady in the Dark" colors.

1. Green silk shirt from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Glentex scarf. Halston carnelian ring and earrings. Bracelet: R.F. Clark for William de Lillo, at Bonwit Teller. Bausch & Lomb glasses. Gucci pen holder. Olivetti typewriter. . . . 2. Ribbed white cotton shirt from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Earrings: R.F. Clark for William de Lillo, Bonwit Teller. Scarf by Echo. Choker: Puig Doria for Barcelona Designs, at Georg Jensen. Donald Stannard ring, at Henri Bendel. . . . The bright lipcolor: sheer and gleaming TropiCoral—one of Revlon's new Panama Hotfrost shades. . . . 3. Black and white silk shirts from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Silver ring and earrings: Donald Stannard, at Henri Bendel. . . . 4. Beige crêpe shirt and accessories from Halston Limited. Coiffures and makeup by Franklyn Welsh.









2

# A GREAT MAKEUP

## BETSY THEODORACOPULOS SHOWS YOU HOW

Betsy is unfailingly radiant, more beautiful today than ever. Unlike many beauties, she has always known exactly what it takes—the good sense of skin care, the precise skills of makeup artistry—to keep up looks so super that people constantly ask the secret....Here, she tells us....“The most important thing of all is the state of your skin—how you clean it, how you keep it in condition with exercise, the proper food and drink (at least two quarts of Poland Water a day for me) and vitamins (a daily multi-vitamin plus Vitamin C). I love to paint—in oils, really, but I love to play with makeup, too...to paint my face, yet walk out with a scrubbed, natural look.”...As she knows, the point of makeup is the fun of it, that it helps you to look your best when you’re having a good time. She has worked out One Great Makeup....On these pages she passes it along to you. ...The Point to Remember: from start to finish (a matter of fifteen minutes) this recipe is planned to work for her skin—“very dry”—and her coloring—glorious chestnut hair, peridot-green eyes, full-blush skin....If it works for you, lift her look...or adapt it to suit your purposes...either way, have fun with it....

**1.** Everything I use before I put on my makeup is by Dr. Erno Laszlo. First, I clean my face and throat with oil; leave it on and...

**2.**....work up a lather with soap, slather it on over the oil.

**3.** With the gentler side of an abrasive sponge—the kind with a vanilla-colored backing from the hardware store—I rotate Once Over Very Lightly.

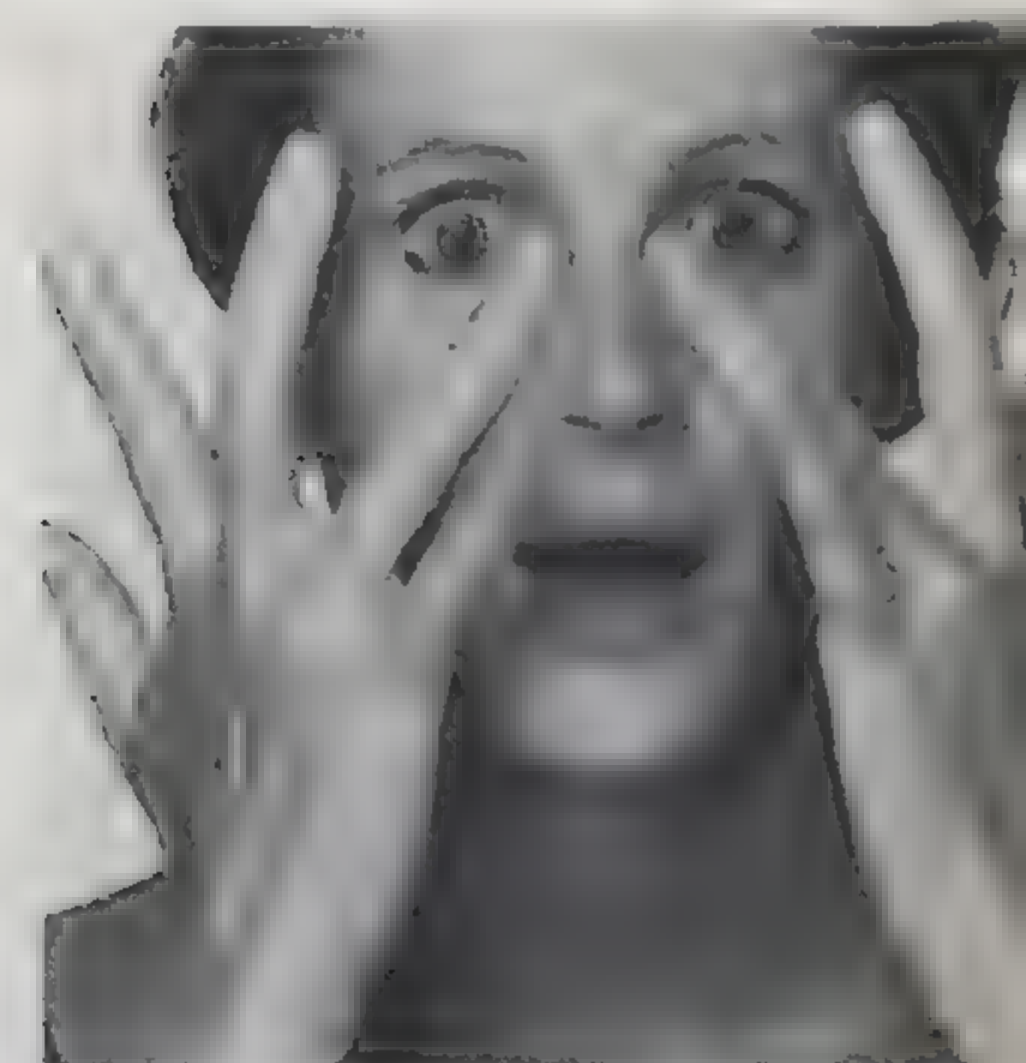
PENATI

3





**4.** I splash off the soap with the hottest water I can stand, rinsing thirty times in the same water.



**5.** I spread cream all over my face and throat—except the nose and chin where there is natural oil.



**6.** Then I apply astringent with a piece of fresh cotton, avoiding nose, eyes, upper lip. With a second piece of cotton, astringent on nose.



**7.** Now I blot all over with tissue. A slight trace of cream will remain—this trace protects the face from drying out under makeup....





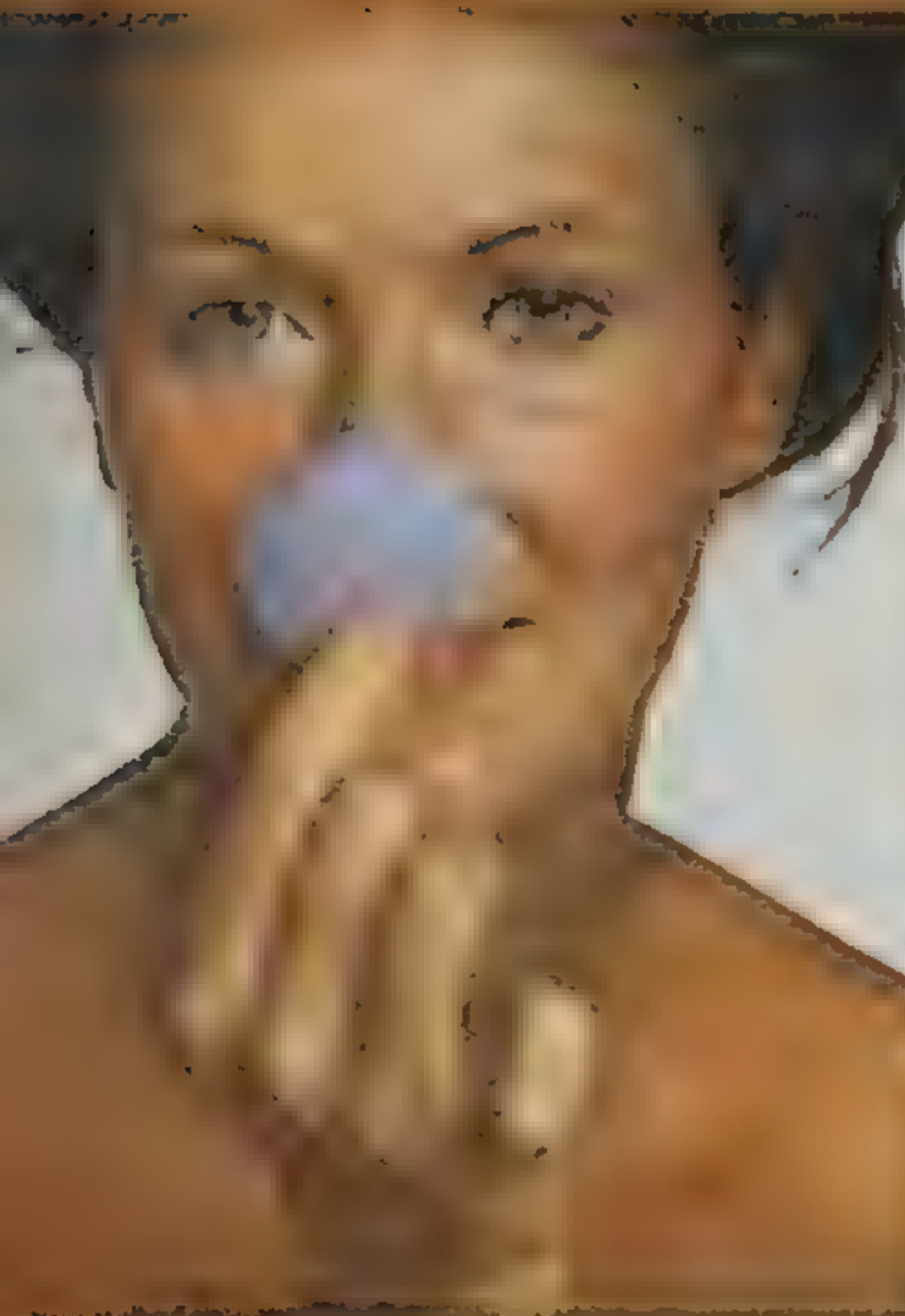
**8.** To cover any dark circles and highlight the eye, I spread a light shade of Janet Sartin's Skin Paste cream under the eye from inner to outer corners . . . let it set for a few seconds, then spread a honey tone under the eye (without completely covering the lighter) and blend. . . .



**9.** I follow with liquid foundation and blend it with a trick of my own—I use a flat rubber sponge which I split in half like an English muffin—the uneven surface grabs the makeup, doesn't smear it, and lets you blend it evenly. . . .



**10.** I tap cream rouge in coral (the best shade for my coloring) with my fingers on the cheek and back on the ear lobes, on the forehead and blend it with the rubber sponge. . . .



**11.** I powder—except on the eyelids—with a French eiderdown puff . . . it gives a more delicate finish.



**12.** A fine mist of Evian water in an atomizer spray keeps you from looking too matte and powdery. Then blot with a tissue.



**13.** Jade-green eye shadow next, but only at the outer corners, for a more natural look. Allow it to set for a few seconds and blend with the fingers. . . .



## A GREAT MAKEUP

**14.** For giving a look of depth to the eye, I draw an arc of mahogany shadow-stick just above the eyelid. . . .



**15.** To brighten the eye, I put just a bit of white highlighter lightly on the upper eyebone near the brow. Liquid liner, medium brown for a natural look, on the upper lid with a very thin sable brush; then I dilute the liner with water and brush three strokes on the lower lashes. . . .



**16.** Darken the brows slightly with feathered strokes of brown eyebrow pencil.



**17.** I stroke on lots of black mascara. Sometimes three applications on the upper lashes, once lightly on the lower since I don't have naturally long lashes, but loathe a false eyelash look.

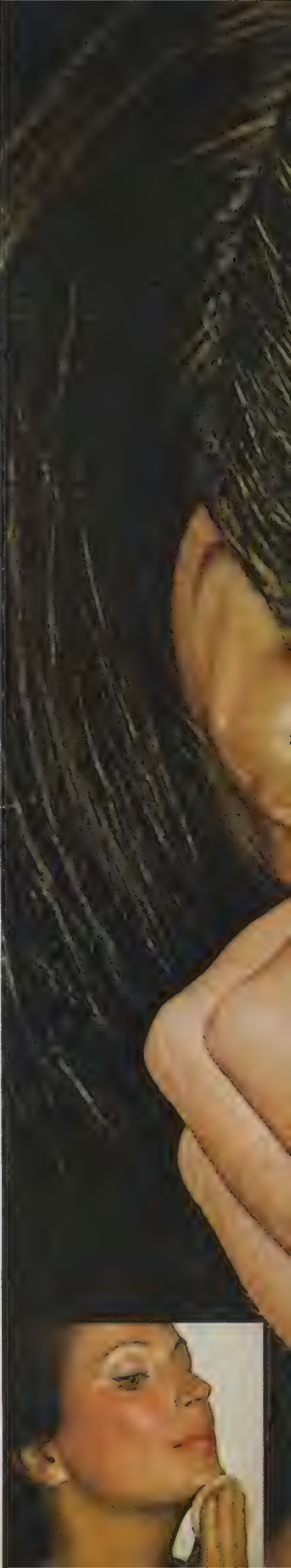


**18.** Next, Sartin's clear healing lip gloss, which is used by sportsmen for chapped or cracked lips.



**19.** Pale pink lipstick over it (left), and a pink lipgloss only on the lower lip.

**20.** For a special evening, I use a bit of Dr. Laszlo's cream patted on with a sponge for highlights (right).











**T**HE BIG  
ENEMY OF  
GOOD LOOKS?  
TENSION... BETSY  
HAS HER OWN  
NEW WEAPON  
TO FIGHT IT—AN  
EXERCISE PLAN SHE  
WORKED OUT WITH  
GYMNAST VENIZELOS  
ANTONIADIS. HERE,  
THEY SHOW-AND-TELL....

"If you are in poor shape, so is your skin...and no makeup in the world is going to hide that." Speaking: Betsy Theodoracopoulos on the need to get moving, stay moving. That she does is documented by her body—lean and limber as a jungle vine—and by her skin, which glows with life....The moving she's doing here—part of a de-tensing, circulation-improving program worked out for her by the top-notch Manhattan gymnast Venizelos Antoniadis....We'd like to stress, as would he, that some of these particular exercises are only suitable for a woman in the extra-limber shape of a year-round swimmer like Betsy, others are fine for any body in any shape that could be better. To feel free of tension, relaxed, "the important thing is to move the muscles of the body. Start at any age, a woman is never too old for this. We cannot change the shape of our bones, but we can change the shape of the flesh that covers them and do something about the health of our bodies....But *know what you are doing! Check with a doctor before beginning any exercise program....* Exercise in the afternoon, or after a warm shower when the muscles are relaxed.... One of the best exercises of all is skipping rope. It is an essential—it forces rhythm, it is relaxing, it is good for the circulation, for arms and legs, thighs and ankle articulation...."





4

5

# A GREAT DE-TENSER

BETSY THEODORACOPULOS'S NEW EXERCISE ROUTINE

1. "For this, you must be very supple. As your feet are held, you lie on the floor with knees raised. Slowly raise the body into a high arch, resting on the palms and the soles of the feet. This exercises the spinal column by stretching it in the opposite direction."

2. "Lie on the floor resting on your elbows. Raise the back slightly and stretch your neck. Now raise and lower the legs, which should be spread slightly. This works on the upper stomach, thighs, and buttocks. Do only a few times until you become accustomed to the movement."

3. "Lie on the floor and cross the knees. With both arms together behind your head, stretch out the arms behind you, then slowly

bring them forward to touch the foot. Good for the lungs, the upper arms and the stomach muscles, this should be done slowly and only a few times at first. Again, increase as you become accustomed to it."

4. "This warmup exercise is good for anyone. Stand on the right foot, raise the left foot as high as you can in front of you, and touch left ankle with right hand, while the left hand is extended behind you. Alternate. Warm up in this way for five minutes, during which you should have done about ten repetitions."

5. "For hips, upper thighs, and oblique muscles of the abdomen. Rest on the elbows, draw up knees. Bend knees to left as far as possible without moving the torso, then to the right, then stretch legs out straight ahead and repeat."

6. "While feet are held, lie on the floor with arms at your sides, then slowly raise your body from the pelvis. This relieves tension in the lower back, is good for the neck and the arms."





# PEOPLE ARE *talking* ABOUT

. . . The stampede, in spite of the money lag, to get out of the country, stretch our legs, after the longest winter in almost anyone's memory. . . . Victor Mature, surprisingly still alive, in *Every Little Crook and Nanny*, one of those crime movies that everyone is gobbling up like Cracker Jack—with Lynn Redgrave and her Silly Putty face as the surprise. . . . Piaf, Edith Piaf as seen by her half-sister Simone Berteaut, more tears than *Love Story*; Piaf may have had a heart of gold, but her way with men was fierce, including her classic put-down to Maurice Chevalier, "Zut!" . . . The core collection of The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York on view all summer: the work of Vasily Kandinsky, splendidly cerebral with a passionate, jolting sense of color.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . George Balanchine and the "Stravinsky Festival" at the New York City Ballet, June 18-June 25, a staggering tribute to Igor Stravinsky, the Russian composer whose life and music were so linked with the dance. Balanchine, perhaps the greatest living choreographer, first composed dances to Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* in St. Petersburg in 1921, beginning a collaboration that lasted for fifty years. About Balanchine as ballet-maestro, Stravinsky said, "[He] is like a mother bird with a flock of baby (girl) birds flapping their wings behind him." . . . Dr. Mary Jane Sherfey's time bomb of a book *The Nature and Evolution of Female Sexuality* that argues that, in spite of masculine myths, female sexuality is insatiable and has been suppressed only for the sake of nesting.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Goldie Hawn, half-serious, wonderful in a wide-eyed way, in the movie version of *Butterflies Are Free*. . . . George Kaufman, the funny American playwright, and his black crack to his friend Dorothy Parker whose wrists were swathed in bandages, "Dottie, you should be more careful or you'll hurt yourself," from Howard Teichmann's biography *George S. Kaufman: An Intimate Portrait*. . . . The highly unusual, fascinating exhibition "Robert Motherwell: Work in Progress," twelve paintings, at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Simona Morini's *Body Sculpture: Plastic Surgery from Head to Toe*, more than you wanted to know but couldn't wait to find out about gilding the lily—surgically. . . . "The 70th American Exhibition" at The Art Institute of Chicago, few surprises but much evidence that painting is indeed not dead. . . . Roberta Flack, with a fickle powerful voice and her latest album *Quiet Fire*. . . . Robert Morse's virtuoso ballet, learning to walk in high heels, taking off in drag, the only funny thing about *Sugar*, the Broadway musical. . . . *Psychopaths*, Alan Harrington's disturbing book—sure to be a best seller—about the new generation that Harrington argues (perhaps a little too convincingly), from business executives to hippies, bankers to revolutionaries, are nuts behind their masks.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Phil Silvers, a panic-spectacled, buskined, and knee-padded—as a Roman slave in the Broadway revival of the musical *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, so funny it almost menaces public health. . . . The sign announcing a sermon on ecology outside a small-town church: "God's Beauty Salon."

## **Warhol's women who are men,** the extravagant trio who are playing a zany part in the reevaluation of sexual roles

Jackie Curtis, left, with her James Dean button, Holly Woodlawn, center, and Candy Darling, right, with her "Love Me" lollipop, are the stars of Andy Warhol's latest hit movie *Women in Revolt*—a sudsy topical "woman's picture" with scenery-chewing roles that forty years ago might have been acted by Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, and Miriam Hopkins, instead of by men dressed as women. The Warhol women and their film *Women in Revolt* are part of an accelerating American phenomenon, with its origins perhaps in Women's Lib, that views sexual identity solely in terms of arbitrary roles assigned by society. Drag, for men, in spite of prevailing social superstitions, is not primarily associated with homosexuality—statistically, most men who dress as women are heterosexual. The roots of cross-dressing, however, go deeper than sexual signals. In a recent moving film, *I Want What I Want*, the hero symbolically becomes a transsexual, an individual whose sexual identity has been altered by cosmetic surgery and hormone treatments. Closely linked with the avalanche of cross-dressing men on the screen and stage, transsexuals make the most radical challenge to traditional sexual roles—asserting on one level that to them being women is the only ethical, justifiable mode of living. Behind the laughs, there is a provocative, knowing gesture of truth.









# WHAT I LEARNED FROM CHINESE WOMEN

## PEARL S. BUCK talks

"American women still want to escape from the inevitable  
freedom that comes from using their heads. . . .

Chinese women are independent because they haven't been coddled."

Pearl S. Buck, *right*, at eighty, an extraordinary, courageous woman, the only living American Nobel Prize winner for Literature, bridges civilizations and generations, searching for the reconciliations between ideas and peoples that have eluded the world in her lifetime. The daughter of scholarly Presbyterian missionaries, once a missionary herself, she is the author of a novel, *The Good Earth*, 1931, that revealed perhaps for the first time the piety and spirit of the earth's poor. Beyond her books—there are more than eighty written in a poetic, almost Biblical style that maddens literary critics—Pearl S. Buck has had a series of confrontations with wrongheadedness and bigotry: She saw early on the limitations of American policy in the Far East; she was one of the first women to admit that her only child, a daughter, was mentally retarded and to fight for the education of parents of other mentally retarded children and for more enlightened medical research; long before World War II, she attacked the mounting waves of racial hatred that have swept through the twentieth century; and, with the Pearl S. Buck Foundation, started in 1964, she has sought to aid the orphans fathered by American G.I.'s in Asia—almost one child for every ten G.I.'s. Her own nine adopted children form a sort of mini-U.N.—“mysteriously lacking,” Pearl Buck said, “a Chinese.” Now, Pearl Buck lives most of the year in Danby, Vermont, writing in longhand with a Chinese brush, practicing French on a tape recorder, and taking long walks along the country roads in her characteristic heavy silk robes in the Chinese style. Danby is her latest and perhaps her most surprising project—the reclamation of a dying town that started with the purchase of the old general store and a refurbishment of the Main Street. Pearl Buck looks steadily East, but her feet are planted on firm Yankee soil.

**QUESTION:** Your experience—the long years in China as a girl and woman—was remarkably different from that of other women of your generation. What caused you to accept hardship, revolution, and famine with such unusual calm?

**PEARL S. BUCK:** I was afraid, often afraid; but it never occurred to me that my circumstances were any different because I was a woman. But I think I gained a certain amount of my calm from my mother who was the most resolute of women—the wife of a missionary, a missionary herself. Before I was born, my mother, alone with two small children and a Chinese nurse, went far up into the interior to escape the summer heat. There was a drought, and soon it was blamed on the foreigner in the city. One afternoon, the Chinese nurse came to my mother to say that a mob was coming to kill her and the children. This was long before the telephone or telegraph and a runner could hardly reach my father in time. My mother prepared tea and cakes and threw open the gates. When the mob came, she was sitting there with the baby in her lap. I see her in me.

**Q:** You feel that American women could learn from Chinese women?

**A:** American women don't seem to want to take responsibility for their brains. In spite of the great movement toward liberation, American women still want to escape from the inevitable freedom that comes from using their heads. Quite frankly, because I've done both, I know it's easier to be in the home. It's a tremendous burden to take public office, to organize social life. In the new China, women have organized themselves very

powerfully. But women here haven't learned the possibilities of organization. For American women, marriage is often the only goal. And to attain marriage, the growing need for popularity—the eleven-year-olds who already begin to think about boyfriends. For my mother, marriage wasn't necessary. “You're the important person,” she said. As a consequence, my sister and I paid little attention to marriage. We were too eager to find ourselves. Nature doesn't distinguish between men and women about where the brains are to be found. And chances are that at least 50 percent of the brains in the world belong to women.

**Q:** And Chinese women?

**A:** Did you know Chinese women got the vote before American women? Chinese women are self-sufficient because they were never coddled. In the old China, marriages were arranged and the men got all the privileges. They knew they must be responsible for themselves and the others. They developed a great independence under a very calm surface. Perhaps, of the American women I've known, Mrs. Roosevelt was the most like the Chinese woman. She had a deep sense of honor, a larger sense of family. In spite of her personal unhappiness, she found a way to make the best of her life and the lives of those around her, always facing what came resolutely.

**Q:** You don't feel American women are gaining a larger sense of themselves?

**A:** American women are apt to belittle other women. I've often heard American women say they wouldn't go to a woman doctor or lawyer. If women don't value one another, they will hardly value themselves with men. I don't belong to Women's Lib—I haven't time—but I do think Women's Lib will help women to have greater pride in themselves. There are many things that still puzzle me about the relations between men and women in our society. Why do American men seem to have a better time without women? And why is their escape from women so much admired, the source of such great amusement? But that is perhaps because women think so little of themselves and accept their segregation too easily. American women have to learn not to be afraid or feel inferior. If you have to say, all the time, that you're not inferior, then the suspicion cannot help but grow that you are indeed inferior. In China, women have always had a lot of power. Their selfhood was understood.

**Q:** What about the raising of your own family, your daughters, in America?

**A:** I had seven daughters and had to be very clear with them about the American assumption that the relationship between men and women is based on sex. It isn't. I told them that anything that happens is *your* fault. One daughter when I made my speech burst into tears. “That's not fair,” she said to me. “Of course not,” I answered. My eldest son once brought home his date for a moonlight picnic. The girl was dressed in almost nothing. I called her mother up and said I wasn't responsible for anything my son might do. Her mother answered, “But Kate's a good girl.” “I'm not so sure of my son,” I replied.

I think we're much too sentimental about the (Continued on page 148)

Pearl S. Buck at eighty

PENN







# ARE YOU A FIRST CHILD?... a Middle ...AN ONLY?

BY SALLY SHEPPARD



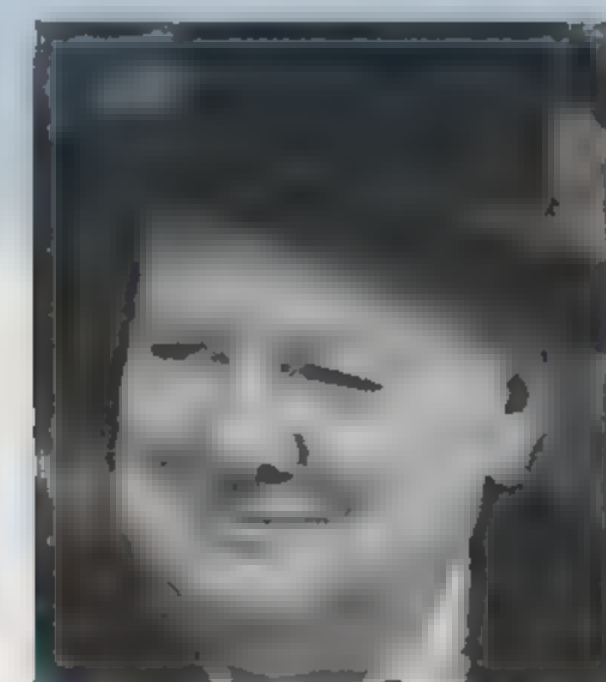
JANE FONDA  
YOUNGEST OF 2



BARBARA WALTERS  
YOUNGEST OF 2



DAVID FROST  
YOUNGEST



CHURCHILL  
OLDEST CHILD

Whether your destiny is determined by the position of the stars on your birth date, whether you're an Aries or a Scorpio may or may not make a difference in your character and in your life. . . . But there's another kind of constellation that can very well lead you towards a specific career or even play a subconscious role in your choice of a mate.

This uncelestial galaxy is known to psychologists, teachers, behavioral scientists, and social workers as "the family constellation." To simplify, let's say each member of a family is a star; the whole family is the collection of stars, or constellation. What is important is each star's placement within the group—that is, whether a child is the only star, oldest, middle, youngest, or one of twins.

For years, psychologists have noted behavior and personality patterns for varying birth orders and gradually studies of different permutations and combinations are being made. The results of these studies make for fascinating reading, and even though one can't establish hard and fast rules—remember we're dealing with human beings—more than half of any given population will fit into predictable patterns. Even the mavericks and misfits will probably show some characteristics of their particular grouping—though contrary traits may predominate. Always, the human element is there to play tricks; the evidence is circumstantial, not a matter of scientific fact. It's strong, but not infallible.

Let's begin with the "one of each" family—an oldest, middle, and youngest child. Since there are six possible combinations in the family of three, we have a multiple-choice opportunity.

**The oldest child**—according to Dr. Lucille K. Forer, a clinical psychologist with a Ph.D. from the University of Southern California, and author of *Birth Order and Life Roles*—usually has a closer relationship with his parents than children born later. She contends that since the oldest has

his parents to himself for a year, two years, or longer, he "tends to develop a feeling of being a rather important individual." When the first sibling arrives he may feel abandoned, hurt, angry, and ultimately jealous of the new arrival.

If the first two children are of the same sex, the competition is built in; the jealousy and resentment may last a lifetime. Now you know why you and your older sister can't seem to get along—even as mature women.

In time, depending upon the parents' attitude, the first child's feelings may subside, and he may well take on a "parent" role towards any younger children. Anger, even hatred may still be present, but he usually learns to submerge (or at least hide from public view) his feelings of antipathy toward his rival sibling.

Dr. Forer maintains that as the oldest child adjusts to the rivalry of younger siblings, he is slowly assimilating the parents' standards of right and wrong. Eventually he incorporates many of these standards and values into his own conscience. And finally, he requires of himself conformity, responsibility, and productivity.

The oldest child becomes an adult: then what? Usually, in adulthood he will mirror his parents in behavior and attitudes. If the parents have been relaxed and tolerant toward him, his adult manner will reflect this. Stern and disciplinary parents are apt to produce the more demanding, less tolerant adult.

The oldest child is likely to be quick to anger; may display envy of others' possessions and positions; and is often highly competitive. To the oldest, life is rarely just a bowl of cherries; rather, "life is real, life is earnest."

On the plus side, the "oldests" have been found to be more articulate and to be represented by larger numbers in higher education. Also (according to Dr. William D. Altus) there is evidence to suggest that they're more likely than later-borns

to achieve eminence. In general, the "oldests" are achievers.

In day-to-day living, his leadership qualities and ability to achieve may earn the "oldest" the respect of his peers, but it won't necessarily make him the best-loved member of the community. He's too demanding—and probably too bossy. So, if "big brother" or "big sister" has been bossing you all your life, remember the poor dears can't help it—they were born to it.

**What happens when the oldest child is female?** It depends on whether she's the oldest of sisters, or of brothers, or the oldest of a mixed group. First, the oldest of sisters. . . .

In his book, *Family Constellation*, Dr. Walter Toman, a German-born psychologist and former professor at Brandeis University, says of the oldest sister of sisters: "She can stand on her own feet, take care of others, and even boss them to an extent. Where she cannot, she would still like to very strongly."

At work, given a position of leadership, she is likely to be competent and to assume responsibility well. She will accept authority easily from a male—but he will have to be definitely older than she is, or represent some gift or achievement that she doesn't possess. For other women to get along with the "oldest of sisters" they must bow to her wishes and authority.

Dr. Toman says: "Only other oldest sisters, usually of sister(s) only, will elicit her respect—as long as they remain at a distance and are not contestants."

**How does this strong-minded, achieving girl get along with men?** In that sphere, Dr. Toman says, she's a "hard girl to make." She is rarely flirtatious, does not usually encourage advances, and may try to boss any would-be man in her life.

What kind of man will she find to put up with her bossiness and still love her? Usually the passive man; possibly the male with more-than-average female traits; probably someone who's been bossed a lot. A man

of strong personality, who enjoys dominating and has the ability to achieve, might consider such a woman a challenge—a high-spirited filly to tame—but the prognosis for such a match is for a short-term marriage marked by constant storm clouds.

**For the oldest sister of sisters, the best choice of a mate** is the youngest brother of sisters—he's used to being bossed around, and can generally tolerate such behavior on her part. A second happy choice might be the youngest brother of brothers. Even a middle brother might do—according to Dr. Toman—providing there have been one or more older sisters.

Perhaps the worst possible match that a first of sisters (or any first-born daughter) might make, Dr. Toman believes, would be the oldest brother of brothers. "They would have both rank and sex conflicts, and a hard time coming to any kind of terms with each other."

**The oldest sister of brothers** presents a somewhat different picture. Men are very important in her life—and luckily for her, men like her. (Dr. Toman claims they literally "flock to her.")

This oldest sister of brothers has a personality profile that reads like this: independent, strong in an inconspicuous way; practical; concrete; healthy ego, but often self-effacing in favor of her men; considered by men to be an excellent "sport."

One trait stands out—her love and need for men. She likes to get them, keep them, and regain them if she loses them. In Dr. Toman's opinion, men are her most important possessions; they mean much more to her than material wealth.

"The man who gets her for good," he says, "will usually find himself in



# how your place in the "family constellation" may shape your character...and influence your life



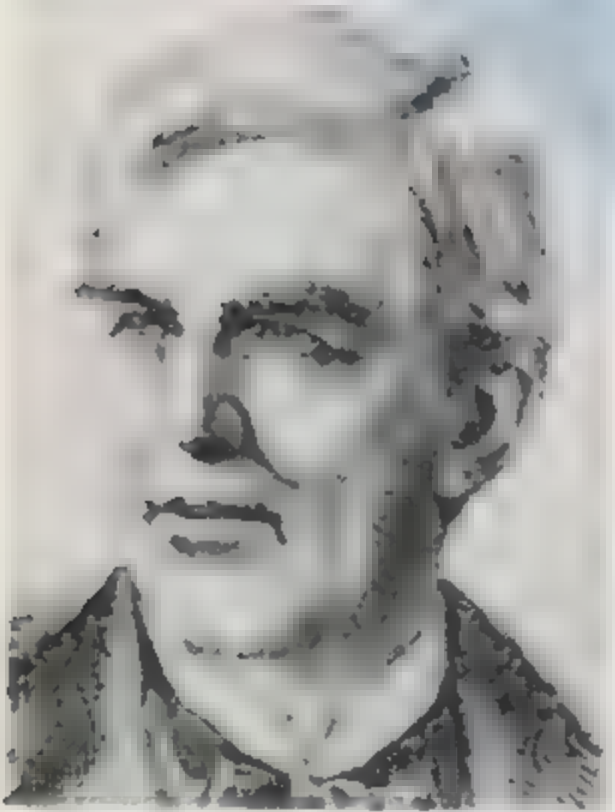
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**OLDEST CHILD**



**LEONARD BERNSTEIN**  
**OLDEST**



**STALIN**  
**AN ONLY**



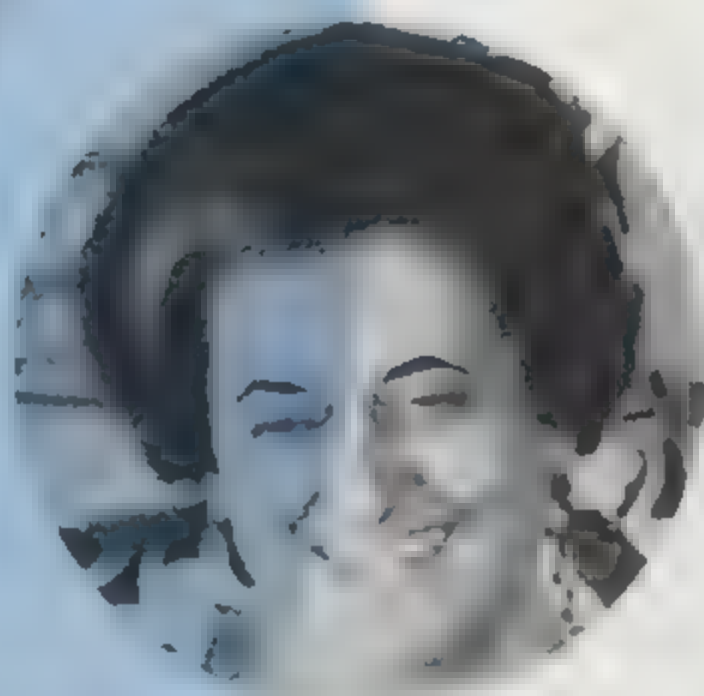
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**OLDEST**



**EINSTEIN**  
**OLDEST**



**BEVERLY SILLS**  
**YOUNGEST**



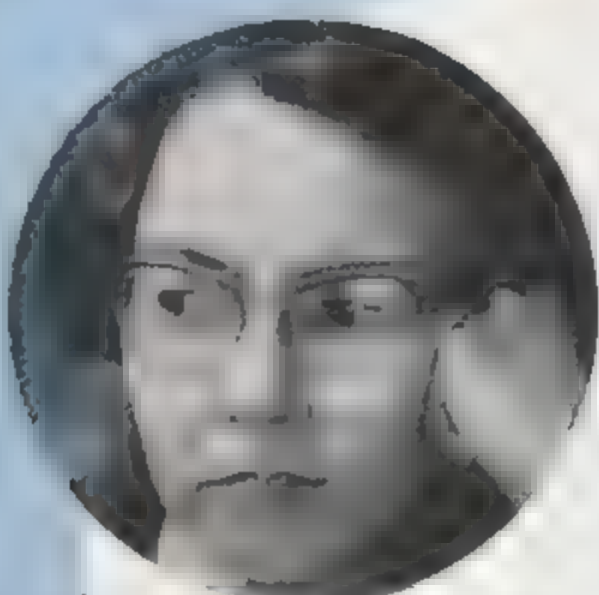
**MRS. INDIRA GANDHI**  
**AN ONLY**



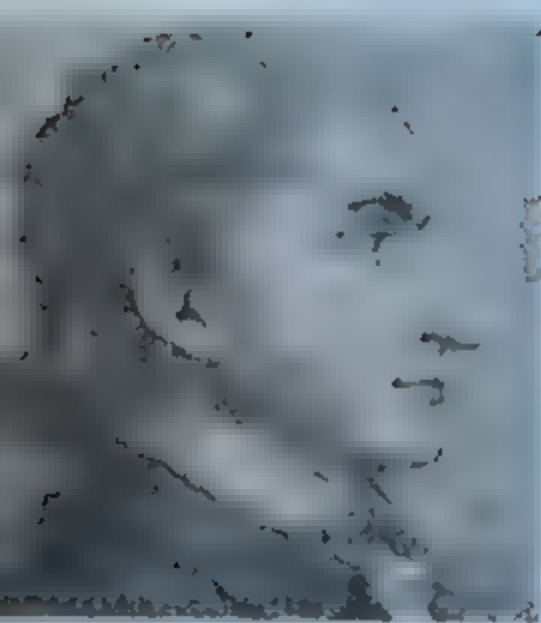
**JENNY JEROME**  
**CHURCHILL**  
**A MIDDLE**



**PICASSO**  
**OLDEST**



**FLANNERY O'CONNOR**  
**AN ONLY**



**JOHN JAY**  
**EIGHTH OF 10**



**NORMAN MAILER**  
**OLDEST**



**MME. CURIE**  
**YOUNGEST**

very good hands. ... Her problem with 'getting her man' may be that she is such an easy companion, so friendly and uncomplicated, and exhibits such common sense, that her suitors may not even realize they are in love with her."

According to Dr. Toman, "The whole situation reminds them so much of home and mother that it does not occur to them to ask her to marry them. Consequently, she usually does have a fairly good choice—but she herself may have to do the proposing." ... A poor-risk marriage for her would be with an oldest brother of brothers, because the man might have a conflict over his wife's assumption of seniority.

Eleanor Roosevelt was the older sister of two brothers, a three-star constellation. Most people remember her as tolerant, understanding, a good sport, well liked by men, and an asset to her husband's career—but not competitive with him.

*The middle position* in family constellations is the least likely to be envied. Many view the middle child as the perennial hard-luck kid. "It ain't necessarily so," as psychologists are finding out.

The middle child accepts younger siblings more readily than the oldest, because he doesn't feel they exhibit the same threat to parental attention

—he never had the undivided attention of his parents, anyway. In some ways the "middle" has the best of both worlds; he is still a younger child, yet he's also an older child—an advantage for even the most demanding of egos. Also, a middle manages to escape domination by some, if not all other members of the family. (The youngest does not.)

Studies of the middle child are few, possibly because the number of combinations and permutations boggles the mind. In a three-child family, there are four possibilities each for a boy in the middle or for a girl in the same position. If one enlarges the family to any considerable size, it takes a slide rule and algebraic equations to work it all out.

Although first-borns are generally credited with being the top achievers in most families, the "middle" may and often does attain eminence. The difference is in the way he goes about it. "Oldest" is more obvious, often aggressive and strident in manner. "Middle" tends to employ subtler methods of getting his way, and often uses an indirect approach—he's usually the diplomat of the family. "Middles" often choose occupations requiring personal charm, tact, the ability to manipulate others.

If "middle" is a girl—unless she was the second child in a larger family, say the second of four girls—she is probably content to be directed by others. However, the second female of four is apt to be violently competitive and bent on winning.

Socially, the "middle" in adulthood is usually gregarious and friendly. He doesn't demand the center of the stage—he's never had it.

*"Middles" are good matrimonial risks.* They are used to sharing, and are adjustable to the needs of their marriage partners—particularly if the "middle" is a woman.

They seem to make fairly ideal parents. Dr. Forer says, "They are likely to be less possessive and competitive with their children than only children are; less dominating and controlling than the oldest; and less impatient than the youngest child."

John D. Rockefeller—whose name is a pop-song synonym for money, whose foundations and charities are seemingly immortal—is a fine example of a successful middle child, second of six. He was able to employ the indirect methods inherent in the "middle" to achieve financial success and to manipulate situations diplomatically through other persons.

*What about the "baby" of the family?* Is he really a spoiled brat?

Let's put it this way—sometimes he is, and sometimes he isn't.

If the youngest is a boy with two older sisters, he may be so spoiled and babied that he never does grow up; he will demand from friends, and later from his wife, constant indulgence. When he doesn't get what he wants, he may resort to sulking, moods, and other indirect weapons to attain his ends.

The youngest brother of sisters is often, and accurately, described as a "ladies man." The girls love him and he loves them. He's the kind women like to mother. It doesn't bother him; he may even expect it. He's been mothered all his life by his mother and sisters. He can be charming to women, but it's not a consistent trait with most youngest brothers. (Or with younger sisters reacting to men.)

A career woman is not for this treasured male. He wants a soft, motherly woman who will stay at home and tend to her domestic duties. Any attempt by his wife to pursue a career would almost certainly provoke a marital crisis.

*Then there are the "onlies."* Here, some of the findings may surprise you. Dr. Forer sees the only child as one who is likely to do better than average in school and—like other first-borns—to make higher grades in college. The only child tends to be among those who go on to graduate school.

An "only" grows up in a basically adult world, and learns at an early age to use the help and support of his parents. When he becomes an adult, he retains the ability to put helping hands to work for him. Dr. Alfred Adler said that the only child "forms such a style of life that he will be supported by others and at the same time rule them."

In adulthood, the male only child "does not seem to acquire a drive for achievement that is as tense and driven as that of many older or oldest children," according to Dr. Forer. She also says that the "only" male relies on the advantages given him by others, and quite comfortably—in most cases—moves toward achievement on the strength of them.

One striking example of the only child's "cool" and ability to perform well in adulthood is the fact that of the twenty-three astronauts who had traveled into space by the end of 1968, a great many were onlies, and the rest were first-borns. The recent moon-crew consisted of Captain John W. Young, the man in charge—a first-born; Lieutenant Colonel Charles H. Drake, Jr., a twin; and Lieutenant Commander (Continued on page 149)







# Disciplined Exoticism

*the racy,  
modern  
life-style of*

## Mary McFadden

In any crowd of her contemporaries, Mary McFadden is an exotic. . . . She blazes her own trails, she thinks and decides for herself. She dresses and decorates in a manner reminiscent of absolutely nobody. In so doing she is, increasingly, one of the most fascinating women in New York.

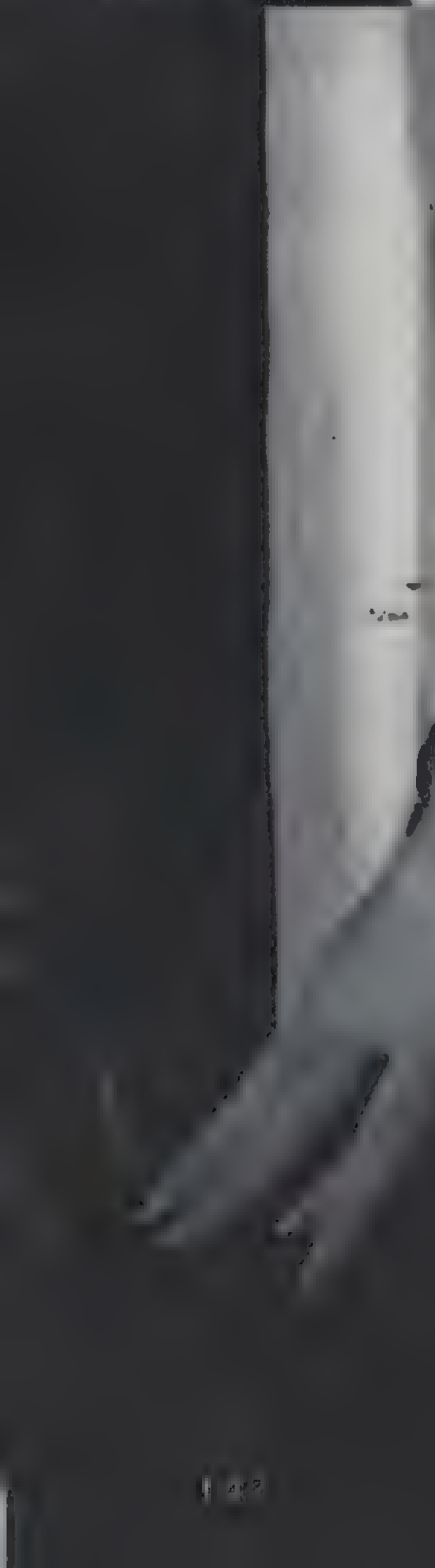
Mary McFadden worked at public relations for Dior-New York until, in 1964, she married Philip Harari, a DeBeers executive, and moved to South Africa where she edited South African Vogue. Later, as the wife of the director of the National Gallery in Rhodesia, she started the Vukutu Workshop. Works by artists at Vukutu were exhibited this year at the Musée Rodin in Paris. Now living in New York and working as Special Projects Editor at Vogue, Mary and her seven-year-old daughter, Justine Harari, share a duplex-plus-roof garden apartment in a brownstone house in the East Seventies. "The whole place was done in just four months—not even that," Mary says.

It can work that way—with dispatch, without apparent effort—when you know yourself as Mary does, and move with great discipline towards a clearly defined goal. In this case, the goal was an apartment which would serve as a showcase for exotic works of art—Indian, African, Chinese, and American Indian—a controlled, almost austere architectural setting given blazing life by art, by flowers and plants, and by Mary's own personality. She dresses and decorates with urban flair, yet is a crack sportswoman who rides, skis, swims, and plays tennis with passion and skill. . . . Left, Mary, in a vividly striped caftan and a wrapped turban of cream matte jersey, encourages her seven-year-old daughter Justine's fashion drawings. Right, off to work in a typical day look: a coat of pale yellow and grey suède to the ankles, made for Mary by Larisa Jar Zombek, a swirl of scarfs and African necklaces. Her eyes, interestingly, are made up for day and evening in the same manner—lined with black in the style of an Egyptian queen. Her head, often wrapped in a turban. When it's not, she does her hair in ways that produce a small, neatly stylized head. . . .

DUANE MICHALS







Mary in three distinctive costumes—top left, natural cotton tunic and trousers over black leotard, an Ashanti ornament on a brass chain around the neck; bottom left, Nigerian robe for a dinner party; above, white pongee silk tunic, red Indian belt, black linen pants. American Indian leaf-shaped pin of turquoise. Hair, Shin of Suga.

HORST



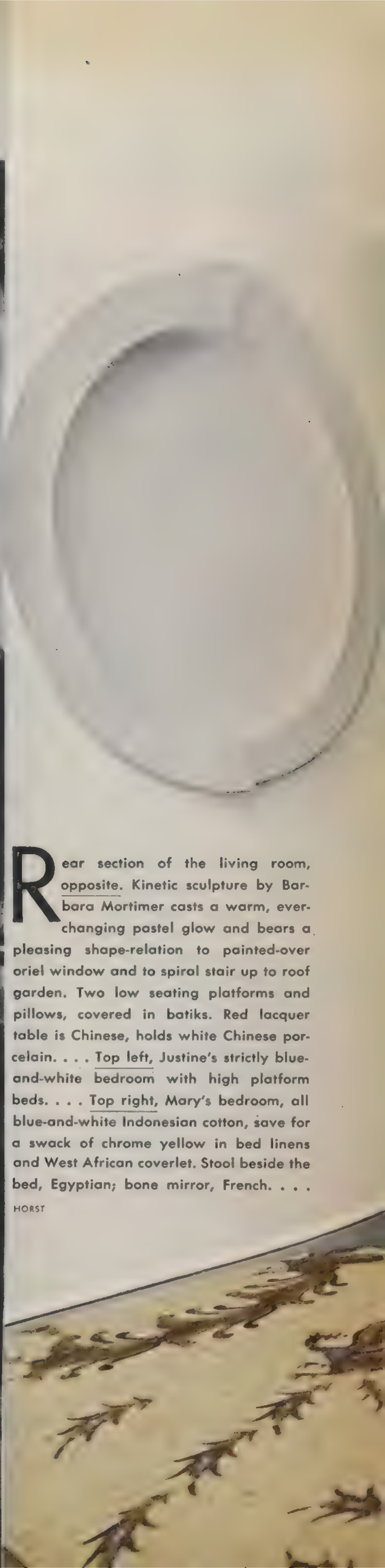
Mary's white living room, below, punctuated by black-brown beams of rough-hewn wood. On the polished dark wooden floor: big cushions covered in Far Eastern silks and cottons, a Chinese bed of bamboo, and a stack of flat round Chinese straw cushions serving as tables. In the center of the photo, a dark wood shelf unit holding books, American Indian baskets divides the room. To the right of this, stairs down to the entrance and dining room. At the head of the stairs, a turquoise-and-shell mosaic mask of the Mixtec culture (1350-1521 A.D.) stands in a Lucite case atop a pedestal. Across from this, a Cheyenne painting of the Northern Plains Indians above a rank of flame-red tulips in Chinese straw baskets.

*"I pick up bits and pieces  
wherever I travel...."*

*—Mary McFadden*







**R**ear section of the living room, opposite. Kinetic sculpture by Barbara Mortimer casts a warm, ever-changing pastel glow and bears a pleasing shape-relation to painted-over oriel window and to spiral stair up to roof garden. Two low seating platforms and pillows, covered in batiks. Red lacquer table is Chinese, holds white Chinese porcelain. . . . Top left, Justine's strictly blue-and-white bedroom with high platform beds. . . . Top right, Mary's bedroom, all blue-and-white Indonesian cotton, save for a swack of chrome yellow in bed linens and West African coverlet. Stool beside the bed, Egyptian; bone mirror, French. . . .

HORST

Arranging pieces from her collection of Malagache tamb sculpture and pre-Columbian pieces in the new apartment, above, Mary wears white trousers, black jersey top and turban by Halston. . . . Left above, Mary riding one of her mother's horses on Long Island. . . . Left, examining Hannibal rugs at LoGiudice Gallery, Mary in white Indian tunic and trousers, white turban.

DUANE MICHALS



*"The idea was to  
combine textures,  
graphic design,  
art of many cultures"*  
— Mary McFadden





*"Dinner is generally fifty people  
on the floor and up the stairs—  
like a Rabelaisian jumble"*  
—Mary McFadden







The dining room, above. Long oak timber table by Joseph LoGiudice, set for four with malachite boxes by Verdura, Waterford decanters, a 19th-century Japanese food box of red cypress, Chinese porcelain covered jars, modern plates and Swedish cutlery. Behind the table, a Franz Kline. Over the mantel, a transitional Navajo chief's blanket, circa 1885. Mary McFadden, in a wedding dress from Kashmir, collar of rubies by De Lillo, sits on the flower-banked stair leading up to the living room....Right: Extraordinary Nigerian armlets, an Indian necklace of amber and ivory with a cloud-grey matte jersey dress by Stephen Burrows.





role of women. It's the woman's business to protect herself. But I find that some American girls even tell men they are pregnant to get them to marry them. More of that stupid marriage-success business. I've been married twice and had many children, but I've never felt that marriage was all I could expect as a woman. But two times is enough. . . . Once, you can make a mistake but not twice. My first husband [John Lossing Buck, also a missionary, whom Pearl Buck divorced in 1934 but whose name she retained for her work even after her second marriage to Richard Walsh, a publisher] was a wonderful man; but we had nothing in common, no intellectual interests. He deserved so much better companionship. After we were divorced, much later, I discovered that he had then been married happily to a Chinese. His happiness helped to wipe out my stupid mistake.

**Q:** How did you become a writer?

**A:** I suppose I always knew I would be a writer. But the choice was a somewhat complicated one because of my family. Mother was a musician, and even in the heart of China we had a piano and an organ. Music was also a temptation, but then I would have wanted to be a composer. I was never content with small measures. I loved sculpture, because it occupies both hand and brain. I had won prizes for my writing in college, but I waited to begin. When I was graduated, I had a revelation, the sort of revelation that can only come as a result of a good education. I knew I knew nothing. I had no brilliant teachers; no ideas had crossed the threshold of my mind. College opened the door to learning.

**Q:** And you went back to China?

**A:** I went back to China. I had made up my mind not to write anything until I learned. I didn't write for ten years. I had many Chinese friends—all the young intellectuals. When I was younger, a girl, we had lived in Chin-kiang, an ancient city at the junction of the Grand Canal and the Yangtze River. We lived on a hill outside the city in a house surrounded by fields. (My moth-

er didn't like the noise and tumble of the city.) There, I had played with farmers' children. When I came back to China, my life was not with peasants but with the people who were trying to create a new country. Goethe was very popular with them. "Here you are writing copies of Western novels and poetry. Why not write about your own people?" I asked them. "Who wants to hear about peasants," they answered. That sparked me.

**Q:** You began to write?

**A:** In 1930, I published my first book, *East Wind: West Wind*. As a child, I came to know the Chinese peasant very well. *The Good Earth* came from those experiences. The Chinese peasant, strong and kind in spite of his illiteracy, revered learning so much that if he found a scrap of paper with writing on it he burned it in the nearest temple as an offering. Mao Tse-tung is the son of a well-to-do peasant, and it is perhaps the peasant's love of learning that made him have the intellectual elite live among the peasants.

**Q:** How do you feel toward the new China?

**A:** I couldn't live there. But we must give them full credit for what has been accomplished. China is stronger than Communism. She will make out of it what she wants.

**Q:** Have Western influences been absorbed in the same way?

**A:** Very few Americans have tried to understand China. When I was young, the missionaries were very good people, but they were the wrong people to send to a country that so deeply revered learning. Our religion is also very divisive. The Chinese had accepted Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism without considering them contradictory. Christianity could have been added. But our missionaries didn't just distinguish between Protestantism and Catholicism. They said you couldn't be a Methodist and Presbyterian at the same time. The Chinese didn't understand. My father and mother never taught that Christianity was the only religion. In fact, one of the books my father wrote was about Buddhism's relationship with Cathol-

icism. The young Chinese came to the missionary schools not because the schools were Christian, but because they wanted to learn about the outside world.

**Q:** What do you feel is our greatest barrier to understanding China?

**A:** Americans don't know enough about Chinese history. The United States is two hundred years old. China is thousands of years old. In the past, the nations surrounding China—Tibet, Sikkim, Korea, Vietnam—paid her tribute and she in turn provided them with protection. China has not been aggressive for a thousand years. If we had a longer view of history, we would see China's role in Asia is not an aggressive one.

**Q:** Will you visit China?

**A:** At the proper time. I didn't want to go with President Nixon. I'm not political. When the time is right, I'll go. It's difficult for my Chinese peasant friends, because they know how closely I have watched what they have done. They also know I'm not young and I can't wait a century. I wouldn't be so rude as to go before they're ready.

**Q:** In your long view, what is the future of the West?

**A:** We are, after all, a white minority in a great brown world. Our emphasis on ourselves is unfortunate. It's inevitable we will be lost. Every race has its benefits, but our qualities will disappear. I sometimes think that birth control is our way of genociding ourselves out of existence. Having been a child in China, I have some sense of the color line. They found my coloring—my blond hair and blue eyes—quite ugly. But nature is working and it's blind. Nature has no preferred colors.

**Q:** Your foundation was started for the abandoned children of American G.I.'s in Asia as an effort to bridge the chasm between East and West. What about your own children?

**A:** I have ten children, only one of them a birth-child. There are three boys and seven girls, fourteen grandchildren. My only birth-child, a daughter, has PKU [Phenylketonuria, a protein deficiency that unless it is treated in the first months of an infant's

life causes retardation] and led me into working with retarded children. I had never seen a retarded child in China. There were no retarded children in my family or my husband's. My daughter seemed perfectly normal, but after six months the defect in her genes caused retardation to begin. My child was part of the experiment that helped to identify and prevent this defect. Because of her help to others, her life has been a rich and productive one.

**Q:** How do you see the future?

**A:** The great problem of the future is the generation gap between nations. I grew up in a Chinese city six thousand years old. Danby, Vermont, where I live now, is old; but the villagers don't have the age-old wisdom of the Chinese peasant. When I'm in America, I enjoy our youth—the brilliant, restless, young minds. The future is fragmented because of nationalism. After all, what is a nation? Even in America, we've only barely achieved nationhood—someone from the South is still a foreigner. Perhaps, we're in the midst of a new tribalism.

**Q:** What about the role of Japan in the new Asia?

**A:** With any island nation, there is always the instinctive need to expand. The day of empire is over, but the day of influence has arrived.

**Q:** Your part in the renewal of Danby, Vermont, seems in some ways to contradict your earlier idealism. In fact, it almost seems you've returned to the landholding, mercantilism of your nineteenth-century ancestors.

**A:** Perhaps. I suppose I felt a strong need to make some change in the world, a change I could observe. I've had twenty-seven homes in my life, and each one I thought was the last. Tolstoy, you know, made a clean break with his life at eighty-two. I hope I'm still capable of changing.

I wonder, am I right. Can we live with such uncertainty? Yes, it's only the uncertainty of event.

I believe truth will prevail, but it may be delayed by a fool with a gun.

Truth doesn't carry a gun. ▼

—DALE McCONATHY



## FIRST CHILD . . . OR?

(Continued from page 139)

## For the male "only" the marriage prognosis is not so bright

Thomas K. Mattingly II, an only.

Socially, the "only" enjoys being part of a group; when faced with a problem he feels the need for companionship. However, in day-to-day living the adult "only" needs occasional periods of solitude. Noise and confusion generated by others is generally abrasive to him. After all, when he was a child the only noise was made by himself and his friends—and they eventually went home and left him in peace.

When the "only"—whether man or woman—grows up, he will not be keen to tackle household chores. Dr. Forer says, of the married female "only," that she "often does not like to organize social functions and she may be a reluctant hostess. . . . Not only does she dislike such obligations, but she would usually prefer to have her husband to herself."

**Can the "only" find success and happiness in marriage?** If you are a woman, and stay engaged long enough to get married, the chances for a lasting marriage are good. (The rate of broken engagements is high.) For the male "only," the prognosis is not so bright. He has a high rate of separation and divorce—which makes for a high risk factor when two "onlies" marry.

As children, "onlies" play alone a lot and often develop fantasy situations. This may account for a number of "onlies" in the acting profession—since the make-believe world is relatively easy to accept, and the "only" is quite comfortable in center stage. Lena Horne, Lauren Bacall, Frank Sinatra, and Sammy Davis, Jr., are "onlies."

Parental attitudes towards the only child can be crucial to his emotional adjustment in adulthood. If he is used as a pawn between competing or unloving parents, he may be headed for trouble. According to Dr. Forer, a mother may rely on an only son for the sympathy and helpfulness she feels she can not obtain from her husband. . . . "In some clinical cases, an only son has allied himself so completely with his mother that he (and she) will see themselves as one family, with

the father as an outsider largely in opposition to them."

Whether his mother really dominates the only son depends on her personal need for domination—determined, perhaps, by her own family constellation. Problems may arise simply because of her excessive pride in him; her interest in his welfare and achievements is so strong, so concentrated, that it becomes stifling.

The only male child tends to marry later than other men. But, says Dr. Forer, if he finds a girl "in whom he is interested and who seems to offer some of the qualities of loyalty and devotion that he finds in his mother, he is not likely to delay his marriage to her."

**Twins are more glued together** than other sibling combinations. Identical twins may experience terrible traumas in trying to adjust to marriage, and may never succeed in adjusting. Separation from the other twin may be just too much to bear. Dr. Toman says the best solution, if it's at all feasible, is probably marriage to another set of twins. . . . Boy-girl twins have an easier time with marriage than their same-sex counterparts, because they're used to opposite sex peer relationships; yet even they may find the separation difficult.

**No family position is definitely going to make you what you are**—as we said at the outset. It will only *incline* you towards certain actions and reactions. Your talents, mental capacities, environment, heredity, even the position that your parents had in *their* families—all will influence the end product, the adult you.

Do these studies of family constellations have any practical use, or are they just academic exercises? In her practice of clinical psychology, Dr. Forer finds her knowledge valuable "in order to have a perspective when treating a patient." There is another use, suggested by Dr. Forer, which may smack of the Orwellian . . . but did you ever think what these studies might mean if we applied them to our choice of political candidates?

A Chicago psychoanalyst, Dr. Irving D. Harris, believes that first-born and later-born persons have different intellectual approaches to life's problems. First-borns, in general, strive to maintain the established order of things; later-borns are more tolerant of change, and are usually more liberal in their political approach.

Churchill, Hitler, Mussolini, and Roosevelt—all first-born sons—may well have been leaders in their time because they were required by their country's populations to connect the present with the past. Now, some psychiatrists believe, the world has developed a need for flexibility and practical protectiveness which can better be given by later-borns. In the 1960 campaign, both Kennedy and Nixon were second sons. Had one or the other been a first child or an only, it might have been a different ball game.

For anyone who'd like to consider a candidate on the basis of his "star" placement in his own family constellation, here is a list of this year's possible Presidential candidates and their family positions:

Richard M. Nixon (Rep.)

Second son.

Hubert H. Humphrey (Dem.)

Second son (his older brother died a few years ago). Two younger sisters.

Edmund Muskie (Dem.)

First son, second child of six.

George McGovern (Dem.)

First son, second child of four. Has one older, one younger sister; one younger brother.

George Wallace (Dem.)

First son, oldest child. One younger sister, two younger brothers. ▼

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sally Sheppard, a former news writer and foreign correspondent, is co-author with Dr. Neil Solomon of *The Truth About Weight Control*. . . . The quotations from *Birth Order and Life Roles* were used by special permission from the publisher, Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Illinois, and the author, Lucille K. Forer, a Los Angeles psychologist who has a new book in the works on marriage.



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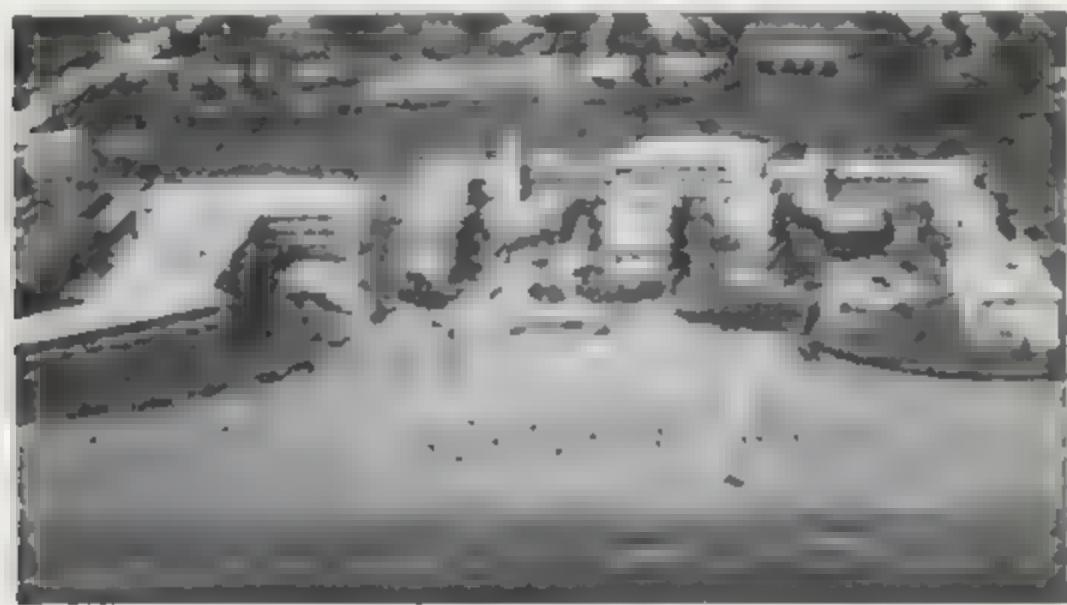
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## CONFESSIONS **Judith Moyers: "I will decide for myself 'What is a woman?'"**

(Continued from page 87)

person who has other dimensions.

Even as "the wife of" the Deputy Director of the early, precedent-shattering Peace Corps, I learned that the new approaches did not extend to wives. Policy discouraged staff wives from going along on overseas trips. The boondocks of Nepal or Ethiopia were unsuitable for women—no, not for women workers but for *wives*. There seemed to be less ambiguity in being a *woman* in a man's world than in being a *wife*.

While enjoying all the status and entrée of my husband's official positions, I was both amused and disconcerted to realize that my personality and accomplishments had nothing to do with that status. Some of us younger government wives giggled in powder rooms at the prospect of testing our "Green Book" rating by swinging from some embassy's chandelier. Each of us knew that so long as her husband maintained his supergrade or appointment or elective office, she would be on the "list."

A Washington wife could not even enjoy the flirtatious attentions of the male riders on the Washington merry-go-round. Having the ambassador from Lower Lecheria lavish attention upon you for an evening or two did not flatter you to think of yourself as the most interesting dinner partner or the most mysteriously attractive woman in town. Rather, you were alert to the possibility that he hoped to pick up a little information or at least a sniff of official attitude.

Of course, my friends whose husbands held elective office played the most arduous parts of all. Not only did they have to please the usual audience but also their husbands' constituents. They were expected to be paragons of every known virtue—strong yet inoffensive! It was astonishing that so many of them were so good at it.

Now, in the golden ghettos of New York suburbia, I find women accepting new distortions of femaleness. We accept the separation from our husbands' worlds as not only necessary but satisfactory. Some have even approved the myth that it is desirable. We are called upon five days a week to play a stand-in's performance in place of the

absent father. (Yet we are constantly cautioned by learned authorities not to preempt the part permanently.) And we have added bit parts as chauffeurs.

Suburban women assume almost total responsibility for the operation of community institutions and the logistical traumas of family life. We do much of the hard work of community education and fund raising for political organizations, churches, hospitals, schools. We have been brought onto boards of directors, but rarely head them. It appears to be better public relations to have a man at the helm of any institution.

Local government is no different. In my county—where women know what the problems of the community are, because it is they who must deal with them on a daily basis—there are few women holding county offices. The township in which I live has a population of more than eight hundred thousand and not a single elective office is held by a woman. Blacks in Mississippi are better represented.

Enlightened women of the suburbs have fought for good schools but are just now discovering that even in progressive districts textbooks still teach our children—boys and girls—that women are either mothers, teachers, or nurses who never discuss world affairs, philosophy, or art and who are rarely employed outside the home. Girls are inevitably characterized as passive, squeamish, cautious; they are pictured standing at the edge of the action, watching the boys compete, achieve, experiment, or just have fun. Sex-education courses continue to diagram the complete male sexual apparatus, but omit the clitoris from the diagram of the female organs. Masturbation is discussed in the filmstrips for boys, but not in those for girls. Thousands of school-budget dollars are spent on stadiums and playing fields never used by girls and sports programs that exclude girls. We accept this prejudicial use of public funds without blinking.

In the beginning, someone decided that children in my village must have lunch at home until they enter junior high school. Nursery school and kin-

dergarten children arrive home at 11:30 A.M., primary children at 1:30 P.M., and elementary children at 12:30 P.M. So a whole village full of well-educated women spend prime years making lunch three times a day. Even volunteer work is virtually impossible to schedule around such a colossal lunch preoccupation. I frankly like this plan for my very small children. But I am lucky to have help who can stand in for me when I cannot be at home. As a neighbor consoled me when I first discovered my new community's tradition, "One gets used to it." Exactly. A successfully flexible, positive, supportive female *can* adjust and *has* and *does*. Especially if she has a lot to lose. To seek aggressively to change our suburb might indicate a dissatisfaction with this Utopia we have achieved. To speak to the real issues of discrimination that we find in our spheres of influence invites criticism from all sides, especially from some of our sisters.

To seek change might expose us to the charge that we are either undersexed or overwrought. Too many of us with much to lose hesitate to imply that we might feel bitter toward our husbands or our children. **HEREWITH MY DISCLAIMER:** Long before Bill became aware of the subtleties of sex discrimination, his record was commendable in the area of husband-and-fatherhood. When the light began to dawn, he was a leader in getting women into the previously all-male Establishment. He encourages me in seeking liberty for myself and a change in the status of women. Not only does he egg *me* on, he eggs other women on.

Some women are attracted to the Women's Movement and at the same time repulsed by it. That old ambivalence again.

Ambivalence leads to guilt. And how shall we deal with that? Feeling guilty about beating a boy in a debate or a man in a competition for a job leads to complications in all relationships with men. Guilt causes a denial of self and a denial of self ultimately causes more guilt. But in order for guilt to be established, someone must act as judge. I have decided that I will be my



own judge. I will decide "What is a woman?" I have liberated myself.

It was getting late for me. Commitments I made years ago are real commitments still. I chose to be a wife, and I have a husband with whom my life is inextricably melded. I decided to become a mother and it will be a few more years before my children are on their own. Helping my children to grow up is the one job that I know I can do better than anybody else.

Drawing up new criteria free from sexist domination is not easy. I have made peace with Home Management 303. I will decide what is clean and what is ridiculous. I have given a Bronx cheer to Madison Avenue's pervasive wheedling and conniving. I will decide what is pretty, comfortable, sexy, and desirable. The new question I ask of those seeking hands and feet for some new cause is "Will I get a chance to use my head?" I am finished with "lending my name"—or rather my husband's. I am enjoying a fascinating kind of "living theater" now. It's stimulating and gratifying to play new parts, to move away from typecasting. Most classic parts—wife, mother, daughter—can't be rewritten but can be re-choreographed for me.

My daughter, Suzanne, is not growing up as I did. Consciousness-raising has had an effect on her mother, father, brothers, grandmothers, and teachers. She already knows that, although God and Daddy consider her any boy's equal, society as a whole thinks of her as an inferior. I am working to influence her school and community to deal with her as a female person, not a social deviate from the male norm. She is being taught to live with respect for others but also with regard for herself. We are trying to prepare her for the way it is, as well as to help her to see how it can be. She is beginning to understand that even when she proves her capacity she may be treated as the backbone and not the headbone of the corporate body. Yet, she is not allowed to use her sex as an excuse—as convenient an out as any on earth. Undoubtedly, she will have more options, will know she has them, and will be prepared to exercise them. Ideally, she will be able to write her own role, to assume the roles that suit her rather than the ones assigned to her. ▼

## HARRIET COFFIN

(Continued from page 91)

for the men, may cause anxiety and early-age heart attacks. Women and children don't need to be overpowered for protection nor used as a support to reach a "higher goal." (We don't need to conquer any more countries.) Young boys don't need to be more aggressive; they need to learn how to avoid fights—not prove their masculinity. *Machismo* only kills teen-agers in speeding cars or forces small boys to climb to the tops of trees beyond their skill.

Isn't it time that the sexes gave each other permission to be human? Surely individual differences are greater than sexual ones. There are undoubtedly many women who are happier *not* pursuing careers. But, as Brigid Brophy points out, that's only part of the truth. The whole truth is that there are many *people* who would be happy not having careers. Women may be uniquely suited to childbearing, but there is no proof that they are uniquely suited to child-rearing. Many fathers have a lot more talent for that job than their wives. And some women have a lot more talent for politics or making money than their husbands. And even if we go along with psycho-

## "I am not afraid of unisex"

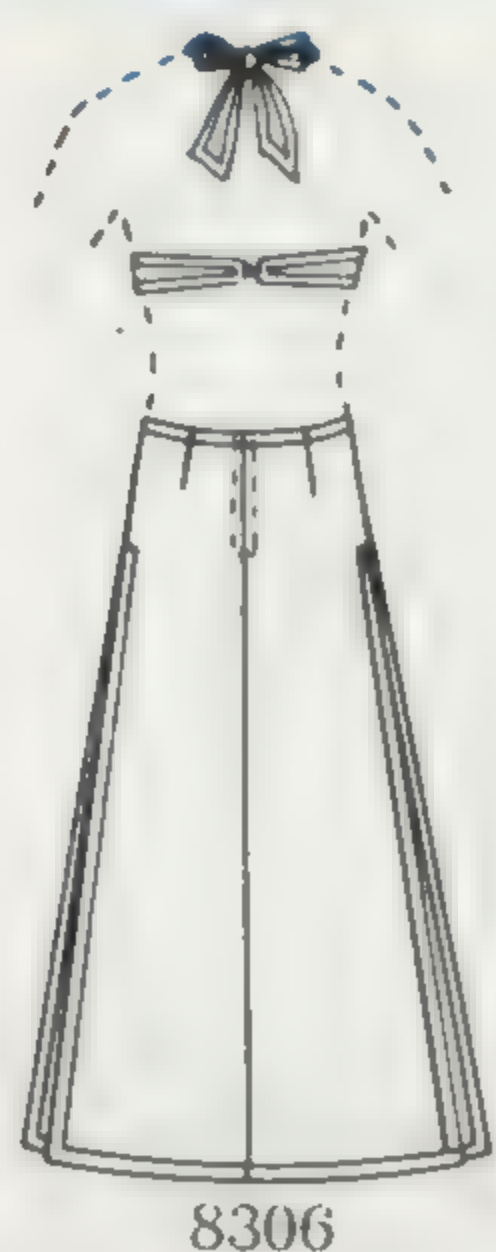
analyst Erik Erikson's theory of woman's unique perspective from "inner space" and her capacity to nurture, it is he who urges woman to bring her "ethically restraining power into politics" and "assume her share of leadership in fateful human affairs."

If women are allowed to enter the wider "objective" world, men should be allowed the pleasures of the more intimate "subjective" world. We need to develop a sense of empathy in and between all of us. I am not afraid of unisex; I am afraid of inhumanity.

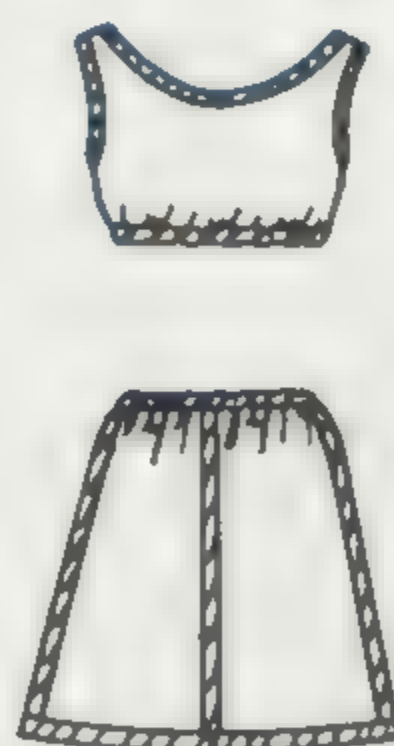
If we are lucky, we are coming into a period when the value of getting along with others will have a priority over competition. Instead of talking so much about masculine and feminine roles as things that are alien and different, we will talk about human roles as something in common. It will no longer be necessary for men to be "tough and impersonal" and women "soft and personal." Both will give each other permission to be courageous and compassionate with a reverence for life. And both will give each other days when it's all right to be weak and inept, when it's all right to be human. ▼

## VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 116-117; other views, yardages, details)



8306



8330



8337

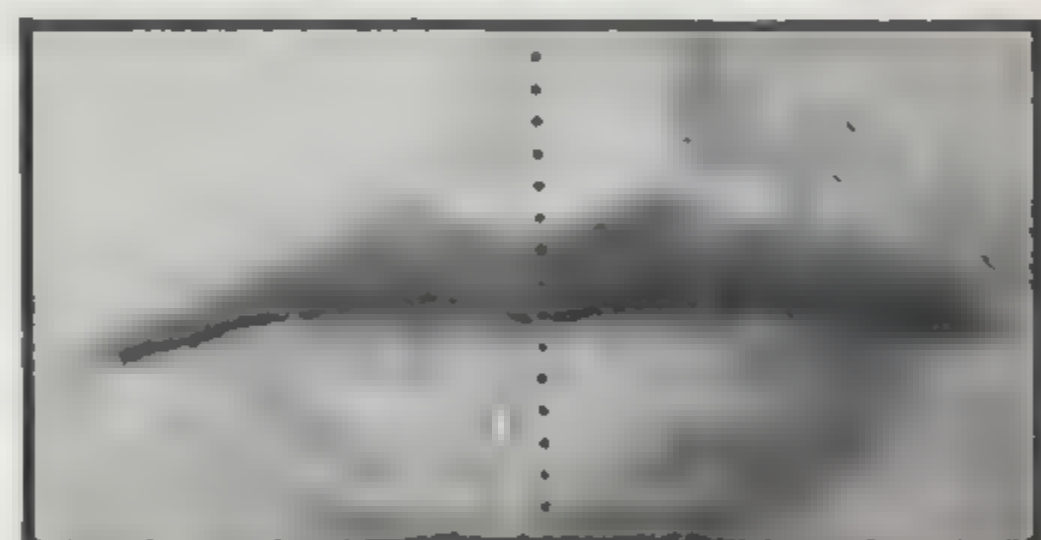
**Left:** Ankle-length dress (we shortened it). Vogue Pattern 8306. Sizes 6-14. Size 10 dress (long): 1½ yds. 60" fabric. \$1.50. In Canada, \$1.65. . . . **Center:** Midriff top, skirt. Vogue Pattern 8330. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 1½ yds. 60" fabric. \$2.50. In Canada, \$2.75. . . . **Right:** Front-zipped halter dress, shorts (not shown). Vogue Pattern 8337. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2 yds. 60" fabric. \$2. In Canada, \$2.20.

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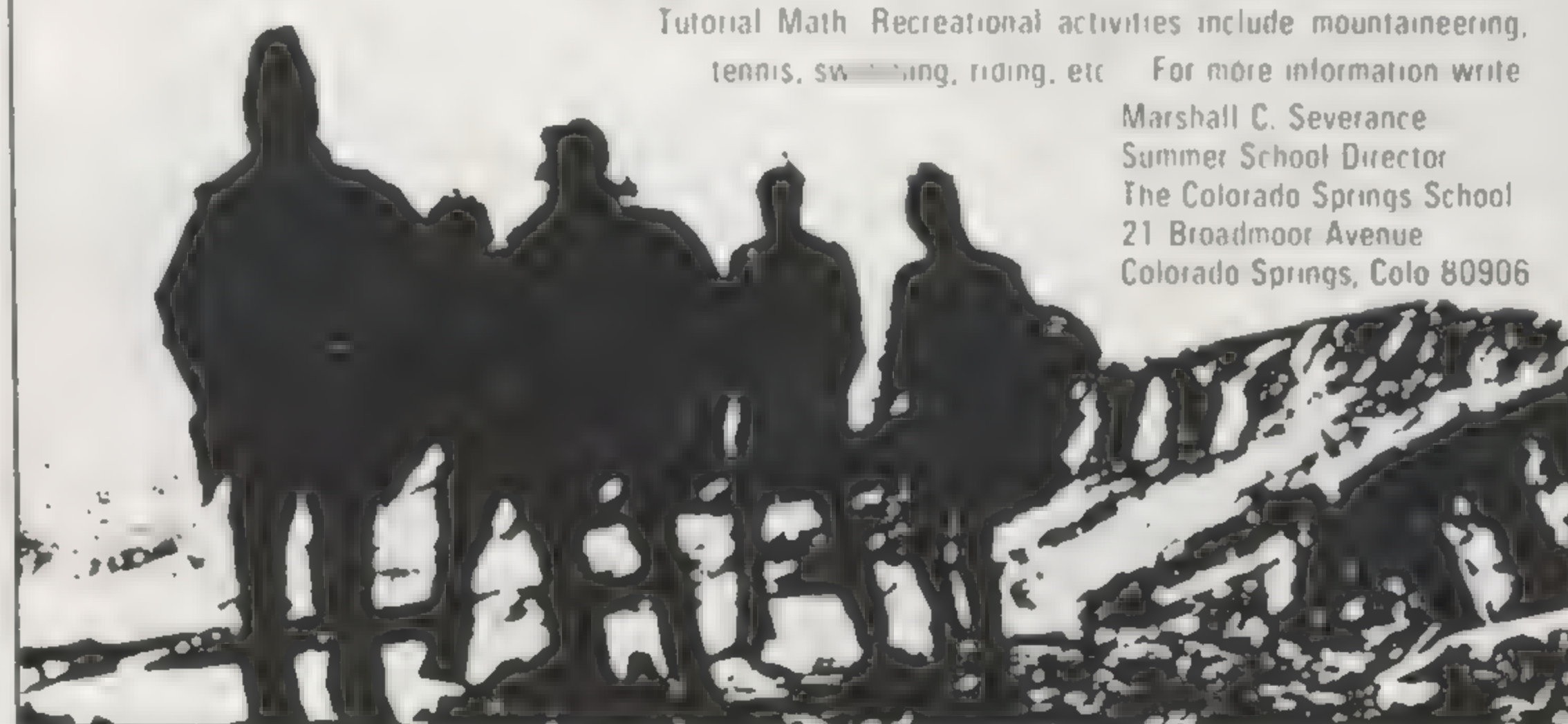
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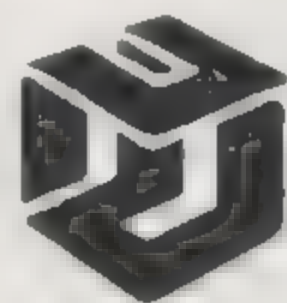
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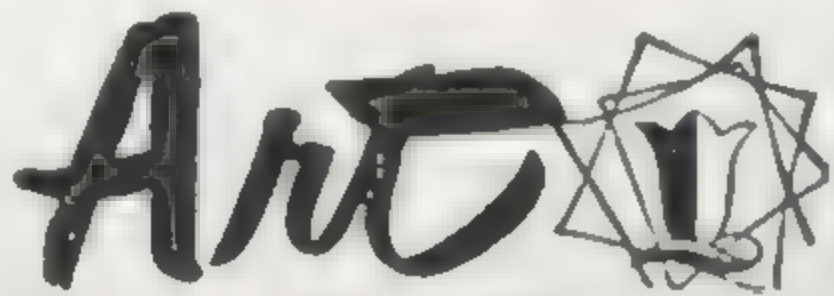


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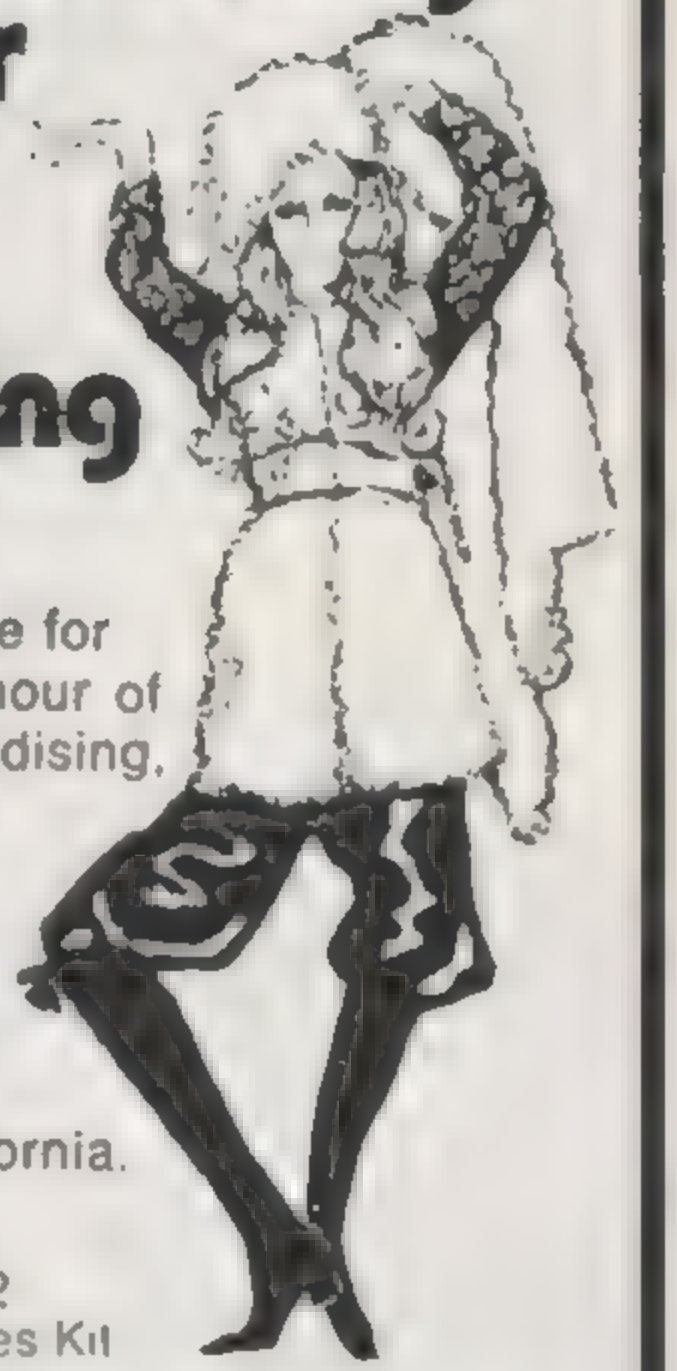
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## “I didn’t hide my paintings in a closet; they hung on the wall next to my husband’s”

his. Since his death, of course, being “Mrs. Jackson Pollock” has become something of a burden—an art-world burden that is. It was never that while Pollock was alive.

**Q:** I was amazed to hear you say Pollock would wash the dishes if necessary. That image goes so much against the stereotype of Pollock, the two-fisted all-American cowboy, invented by male critics and journalists.

**A:** Jackson always did the baking. If he wanted apple pie, he baked it. I didn’t know how to bake. I usually cooked—but he cooked, too. He also did other necessary household chores. Perhaps if we’d had more money, we would have hired people to do things. But we didn’t, so we had to do everything ourselves, and we shared the work.

**Q:** Is it strange to have witnessed *The Triumph of American Painting* (Irving Sandler’s title for his book on the New York School), to have lived through the desperation and struggle, and finally to have seen victory and the fruits of victory?

**A:** I feel what has happened is quite fantastic. How did it quickly cycle into a scene so foreign . . . what happened? In the ’fifties, there was still vitality and warmth in the art world—it was alive and meaningful. In the ’sixties, I don’t know what happened. It wasn’t *that* long ago that Arshile Gorky didn’t have a gallery, de Kooning didn’t have a gallery. Who had galleries? Now overnight, young artists have whole museums. A mushroom can’t blow up that fast!

**Q:** You were among the very first Americans to understand the greatness of Picasso, Matisse, and Mondrian while your contemporaries were still painting the American Scene. But you seem to have had a realization of what was mainstream, of what counted, long before others. . . .

**A:** Not before Gorky!

**Q:** How did you feel about the kind of art the Whitney Museum showed in the ’forties?

**A:** I felt it was pretty depressing. By definition, it is the American Whitney. And I can’t be an American anything. Art is art no matter where it is. When it’s happening in Paris, you acknowledge that. The last argument I had on this subject was with Mr. Clement Greenberg about the phrase “American-type painting.” It offends me. The minute you send up a slogan, you can put anything in the bag and the slogan carries it. That’s boring and provincial in thought and concept, and the antithesis of what I mean by art.

**Q:** Do you feel the same about the new feminist movement? Perhaps the attempt to isolate “feminine” subject matter is as foolish as isolating “American-type” painting.

**A:** I don’t know what’s meant by “feminine” subject matter, any more than I understand what’s meant by “masculine” subject matter. I’m sympathetic to the women’s movement, but I could never support anything called “American” art.

**Q:** Aside from Mondrian, Picasso, and Matisse, who were you most affected by?

**A:** Pollock, of course. After meeting Pollock, I gave up the model and still life. I began with a blank canvas and nothing in front of me. Trying to break up the Cubist grid, I started covering the canvas with paint until there was a pile-up of grey matter. This didn’t change until I began the Little Image paintings after we had finished cleaning up the house in Springs in 1946. In Pollock, I felt a force that once more moved me as strongly as the impact of Matisse or Picasso.

**Q:** When did you and Pollock move to Long Island?

**A:** In November, 1945. We had visited in East Hampton with some friends the previous summer. It was very beautiful, and we had heard that rents were cheap during the winter. I said, “Why don’t we rent the place on Eighth Street”—we were living then in a top floor that had a studio on either end and an apartment in between—“and take some canvas and books and try it out in the country for a winter?” Jackson’s response was, “Have you gone nuts? Leave New York?” I decided I must have gone nuts. I didn’t know where the thought came from. He was probably right, it was crazy to leave the city. But Jackson had a delayed reaction. Two or three weeks later, he said, “We’re going out there and buy a house and we are going to give up New York.” Then my reaction was that *he* had flipped his lid. Buy a house on what? We had about forty dollars between us. Finally we did buy the house I’m still in now. The barn was originally directly behind the house. We moved it so it wouldn’t block off the view of the marshes, and it became Pollock’s studio.

**Q:** And where did you paint?

**A:** We arrived in Springs during a northeaster—what an entrance! The house was stuffed with the belongings of people who had lived there. It was a rough scene. The barn was packed solid with cast-iron farm tools. So it was a matter of cleaning everything out before either of us could work. In the meantime, Jackson took one of the bedrooms to try to paint in. When we finally moved the barn and cleaned it out, Jackson began painting there and I worked in the bedroom. We were so busy for about two years tearing off wallpaper and burning up the contents of the house that we didn’t have time to do much else. I began making the mosaic table you like because I couldn’t work.

**Q:** Did you look at each other’s work and offer criticism?

**A:** Only by polite invitation to each other’s studios. I always responded to his invitation. Sometimes I had to invite him three times to come to mine, but he eventually did come. I always admired what I saw in his studio; I never said, “Change that corner” or “clip that edge.” The last time he came to my studio was just before I left for Europe in 1956. (It was my first trip to Europe.) I had just finished a painting called “Prophecy.” He said, “Fine. Leave it alone. Except for this,” and he pointed to one spot where I had scratched with the back of the brush in wet paint a form like an eye. He advised me to take it out. I thought it was all right and I left it in.

Today, many more American women are choosing Lee Krasner’s life-style and her commitments; but to pioneer took a special kind of courage. As her paintings are visionary statements providing mysterious insights into the inner life of an artist, so, too, is Lee Krasner a visionary and a revolutionary personality as a woman.

In 1965, the first breakthrough of recognition for her work came in a retrospective show organized by Bryan Robertson at London’s Whitechapel Gallery, one of the most influential public galleries in Europe, an exhibition that was widely praised in the English press. It remains, however, for America to acknowledge that Lee Krasner’s works share the same esthetic, the same content, the same history and are of the same quality as those of her male colleagues, the “first generation” New York painters.

Perhaps, because these painters called themselves “heroic,” and because we as a people are slower to honor our heroines than our heroes, this recognition has been unnecessarily delayed. But, throughout our history, we have had brave, self-reliant American women who struck out on unknown paths. Lee Krasner is one of them. ▼

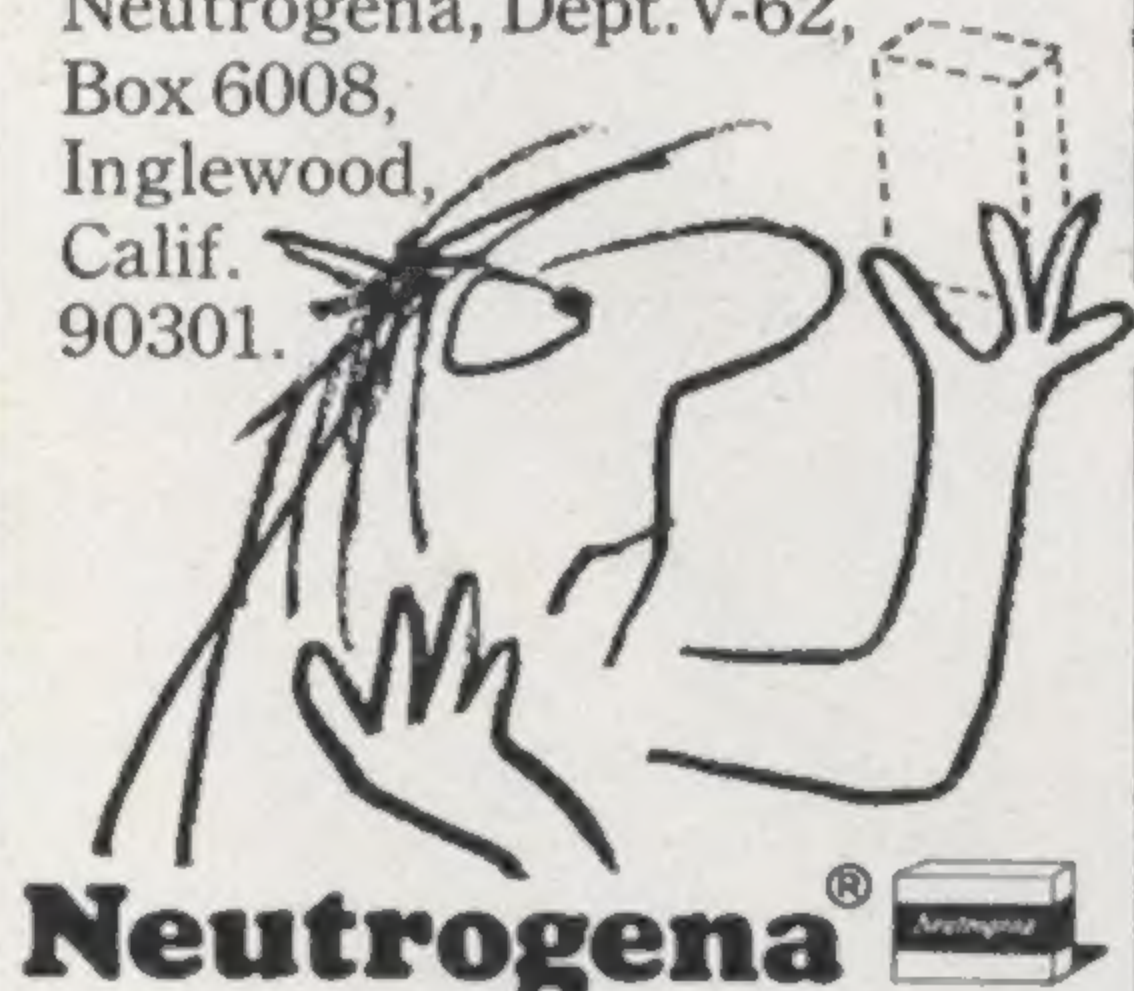


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LENA HORNE

(Continued from page 94)

**"I don't know what it's all done to me;  
but I feel so free . . . so free"**

I had this toughness in me. And I couldn't understand my anger, I could never use my anger constructively. Not until I began to search into my background and discover that I had come from a long line of very tough people, people who wouldn't be put down. I liked that. A new pride came to me, a warmer kind of pride. You see, the whites had given me a picture of myself that I just knew wasn't true.

"This change in me came in the 'sixties. It was hard on my husband, but he understood. He understood why I would see so much of my son and be so close to my father. He understood when my son would talk to me about what the young Black people and some of the young white people were doing. Teddy brought these young people closer to me, and little by little I began to live more and more with my own. I began to come into my family. My own son initiated me into this new, exciting world. I began to open up, and I listened hard. When he died, he was living with his people. He taught adult classes in Spanish, he worked on poverty programs, he had been in jail, and he had lived in the streets. He wasn't very strong and he was sensitive, but he wanted to be among his own, and I knew he had to take a lot from people because he was my son.

"Now these men are all gone, and I have time to think. I reflect on myself—on my life, on the career that was never an ego-pleasing thing for me. Oh, I was proud: I didn't want to be bad. I never wanted to owe money. When you grow up with very, very poor people, you want to pay your rent and your bills. But when I think back on the early years, I realize that I didn't really sing all that well. I wasn't a natural-born artist. My early years were about being a sepia Hedy Lamarr—a sexy Black dame. I would sing in white cabarets, and people gave me success. But all the time, I felt this awful isolation. When the people shouted 'bravo' and 'we love you,' it didn't touch me as it should have. I had this nagging feeling that I wasn't really growing as a performer in this country.

"Europe was my real testing ground. Now, I've come back, and I've been working here and there. Five years ago I went to Las Vegas: I did a show with Harry Belafonte. Working with my own felt good. Not long ago, I was in Las Vegas again, this time with Alan King. Now, I feel the career is to be enjoyed. I feel stronger, more sure of myself. I know what I'm about."

Lena Horne offered her dazzling smile. Wearing knitted grey slacks and turtleneck sweater, she projected glamour and vitality. Always, that undercurrent of excitement—that plus which is never absent when she sings a song, tells a story, or walks into a room—makes being with her an intense experience.

Living alone has, of course, changed Lena Horne's life. Still, there are good friends. One of these is Kitty D'Alessio, a charming, lively young woman who has an important job with a large New York advertising agency and who has known Lena Horne for twenty years. I talked with Kitty D'Alessio about the "new" Lena Horne.

"Actually, Lena is not a new person at all," she told me. "She's just expressing the real girl that I've always known. She's the Lena Horne she wants to be. She's so proud of her heritage, and this is the side of her I've always seen. I've never for a moment doubted that she identified with her people. It's just that it's never been clear to her. Then she wrote her book, and she went back into her life . . . and it hurt, as it always does when people go digging back.

"Then came the three deaths. It was shocking that it all happened so close together. She said to me, 'My God, when I think about it, it's like a screw has fallen out, and I'm just going to fall apart.' But she didn't fall apart. I was with her through it all. She was numb, yes. But she didn't break. Of course, everything hits you later, but at the time she held together. She was amazing."

Lena Horne has cut back her social life. When not working, she sticks close to home. She sees her daughter, Gail, and son-in-law, Sidney Lumet, and, as often as possible, her small grandchildren. She sees her father's two

brothers—her Uncle Frank and her Uncle Burke. But mostly, she dotes on her daughter, Gail.

"Gail!" Lena Horne said with a mischievous laugh. "You know, when she was in her early teens, she used to call me the most old-fashioned mother. She hated it that I was strict. But, you see, I was out at the cabarets, singing, and being an absentee mother. I know it must have been a drag for her. I couldn't tell her how protective I felt toward her, because I was the breadwinner and being made to appear strong. But the fact is, I was always crazy about Gail—and now I can tell her.

"At first, I hated the idea of Gail's marrying Sidney. Now, I adore him; and Gail accuses me of too often taking his side. I love him because he's good to my child. Sidney and I have had a lot of the same things in our lives. He's much younger, of course, but he started out as a child actor (he was only five) and he went through hell. And he was politically oriented in the early days. Well, he and I can talk that kind of talk together, whereas I can't with Gail, and so she sometimes gets a little mad."

Lena Horne smiled. Paused. Grew serious.

"I can't honestly say that I have any great regrets about my life," she said quietly. "Oh, I do regret that I wasted a lot of time with that superimposed image I lived with for so long. I probably regret not having been a good mother—we pick on ourselves about that sort of thing. I regret my divorce from my Black husband. I just wasn't woman enough for him. Well, there will be no more marriages. I have a romantic, silly nature and a way of clinging when I love someone. But now, I'm too old to think of that great love affair that's off there waiting in the distance. Even if it did happen, that man would have to be awfully patient with me clinging to him so.

"I'm quiet these days. And when I go to sleep at night, I dream of my father. I dream of him every night, or every other night. And they are happy dreams. And sometimes, I dream of my son, Teddy. I don't know what it's all done to me. But I feel so free . . . so free." ▼



## ACCESSORY DETAILS

### FASHION FOR A COOL SUMMER

**Pages 96, 97:** Adolfo headwrap, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelet by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Shoes by Charles Jourdan.

**Page 98:** Doro scarf used as headwrap. Laguna imitation pearls. Ring by Michael Moraux for Dubaux.

**Page 99:** Kay Fuchs turban. Renauld sunglasses. Alexis Kirk cuffs. Sandals by David Evins, at I. Miller.

**Page 100:** Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Walter Katten handbag. Belt by L'Aiglon Belts (belt that comes with dress, not shown). Napier bracelets.

**Page 101:** Riviera sun-shields. Halston Limited bangles.

**Page 102:** Ruza Creations visor, at Bonwit Teller. Capezio shoes, at Bonwit Teller.

**Page 103:** David Evins shoes, at I. Miller.

**Page 104:** David Evins shoes, at I. Miller.

**Page 105:** Earrings by Charles Elkaim, at Henri Bendel. Black ceramic ring at Art Asia. Ivory ring by Michael Moraux for Dubaux, at Henri Bendel.

**Page 106:** Trifari watch. Charles Jourdan shoes.

**Page 108 (top left):** Charles Jourdan shoes.

**Page 108 (top right):** Turban by Irving Paul for Capadors. Yves Saint Laurent bracelets, at Lord & Taylor. Chandlers shoes.

**Page 108 (bottom):** Sheffield watch. Belt by Peter & Peggy for

P. C. Designs. Sally Gee top.

**Page 109:** Liberty of London scarf on head. Yves Saint Laurent belt, at Bloomingdale's. David Evins shoes, at I. Miller.

**Page 110:** Adolfo headwrap, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Paris Collections sunglasses. Beads at Henri Bendel. Bracelet at Art Asia.

**Page 111:** Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bausch & Lomb sunglasses. Jack Gilbert beads. Bangles at Halston Limited. Hanes tights. Shoes by Herbert Levine, at Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

**Page 112:** Mr. John hat. Renauld glasses. Alexis Kirk bracelets, at Bloomingdale's. Ring at Art Asia. Charles Jourdan sandals.

**Page 113 (center):** Earrings at Halston Limited. Monet chains. Belt by Valerie Accessories. Ring by Michael Moraux for Dubaux, at Henri Bendel. Shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

**Page 113 (bottom right):** Shirt at The Custom Shop. Marvella imitation pearls. Alexis Kirk ring. Sandals at Saks Fifth Avenue.

**Page 114:** Napier bracelet.

**Page 115 (bottom):** Bausch & Lomb sun-shield.

### VOGUE PATTERNS

**Page 116:** With Vogue Pattern 8036—shoes by Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel.

**Page 117 (top right):** With Vogue Pattern 8337—Napier earrings.

**Page 117 (left):** With Vogue Pattern 8330—Napier earrings; Alexis Kirk bracelet, at Bloomingdale's.

## BEAUTY CHECKOUT

(Continued from page 42)

### What gentlemen prefer—

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